

Fruits of Retirement :
O R,
Miscellaneous Poems,
Moral and Divine :

BEING
CONTEMPLATIONS, LETTERS, &c.
written on Variety of Subjects
and Occasions.

By **MARY MOLLINEUX,**
late of **LIVERPOOL,** deceased. **K**

To which is prefix'd,
Some Account of the AUTHOR.

*And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the LORD,
for he hath triumphed gloriously, Exod. xv. 21.*

The SIXTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by **MARY HINDE,** at N^o 2,
in *George-yard, Lombard-street,* 1772.

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~~My dear Friend and Cousin~~

~~balanced the former Disputes; and we could~~

~~argue with our Friends, and distant Friends~~

~~and that was her purpose, which~~

~~to do many things, in which I was~~

~~delighted, for my Friends' Employment~~

~~which she was not willing to recommend~~

~~to me, and I was not willing to recommend~~

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TESTIMONY

Concerning

My dear Friend and Cousin

MARY MOLLINEUX,

DECEASED,

*In a living Remembrance of the Benefit which
I received by her Labour of Love; and now
recommend to the Youth of our Age, to excite
them to Faithfulness, and a circumspect
Conversation.*

THE worthy Author of these Writings,
was one whose near Relation to me began
our Acquaintance almost with our Lives;
she was the only Child of her Mother, as I of
my Father, and they one Brother and Sister.
This gave us Opportunity of frequent Converse
with each other; and having no Sisters of our
own, and our natural Inclinations and Tempers
being suitable, caused us more to respect each
other: Tho' she was of more Years, and differ-
ent Principles, in Matters of * Reli-
gion, at that Time, yet the Sympa-

* Being one call'd
a Quaker.

Frances Owen *her Testimony*

thy and Kindness that was betwixt us, out-ballanced the seeming Disparity; and we could argue without Wrangling, and dissent without Discord; and such was her prudent winning Carriage towards me, that even in my green and childish Years, she often prevail'd with me to quit many trifling Things, in which I then delighted, for more profitable Employments; which she was not wanting to recommend to me, nor to tell me of my Faults; but with so much Affection and good Counsel, that like a mollifying, healing Balsam, it cured almost insensibly. And so far was I from accounting her my Enemy, for telling me the Truth, that considering her Wisdom and Virtue, together with her plain Dealing, which I took as no small Argument of her Kindness; knowing, Reproof and good Advice to be so thankless an Office, that nothing but Love and Duty can prevail with a discreet Person to act that Part: I say, upon these Inducements I made Choice of her as my particular bosom Friend. Nor was I mistaken or disappointed, for such she approved herself; making Choice of me also as hers, soon after my Convincement. Thus was our Love reciprocal: And this was the Beginning of our Friendship, so often mentioned in her Verses; which the rather induceth me to hint it here, as an Encouragement to all who profess the pure unerring Truth, to keep faithful in their Place and Testimony, that so the Lord may make Use of them to invite and win their Familiars and Relations to love and embrace the precious Truth, as she was made an happy Instrument of Good to me,
by

Concerning Mary Mollineux.

by her many kind Admonitions, and seasonable Cautions, verbal and literal, both in Verse and Prose: But chiefly, that prevailing Argument of good Example, and circumspect Conversation, which the Lord, in his infinite Mercy, was pleased so to bless, that they became Motives to me, to consider how much I was short of her; and to examine her Principles, as well as my own: Then did the Lord open my Eyes, and by his Light and Spirit in my Heart, gave me a Sight of my inward State and Condition; which I found to be unsafe, notwithstanding the Advantages of a sober Education; and that, if my Righteousness exceeded not that of the Scribes and Pharisees, in vain was it to expect an Admittance into the heavenly Kingdom. So that after much Sorrow and many Conflicts, the Lord brought me to this Resolution in my own Mind, That if he would be pleased to discover his Way, which leads to Life and Salvation, and how I should attain Power to walk in it, so that I might enjoy his Peace, which I so much wanted, with his Assistance I would become his Disciple, and follow him whithersoever he should lead: Then did the Lord, in his great Love, and never to be forgotten Condescension, shew me, that it was a straight Way, despised by many wise and prudent of the World; and walked in by a poor, self-denying, undervalued People, which it would be hard for me to be numbered with: And so I found it, being almost ready to despair, until the Lord inclined my Heart to take her Counsel, and go to some Meetings of the People called *Quakers*; where I heard the Way of God so plainly discovered,

Frances Owen her Testimony

and his blessed Truth so livingly preached, that I was convinced thereof, and well satisfied that the glorious Presence of the Lord, and his Heart-mollifying Power, was with this People; which unusually tender'd my Spirit, and distinguished their Meetings from those I had formerly frequented. This made me delight to meet with them, tho' much wonder'd at, scoff'd and reproach'd for it; yet by her encouraged: But, praised be the great Almighty God, he brought me in his own appointed Time, to witness the Fulfilling of his

Psalm cx. 3. ancient Prophecy, making me willing in the Day of his Power; willing to be-

come a Fool and Gazing-stock to my former Acquaintance; willing to be rid of the Load of Sin I had laboured under: And considering that no Burden could be heavier, was also made to accept the tender Invitation of our blessed Lord and

Saviour, who said, Come unto me, all you who labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you Rest; take my Yoke

upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in Heart, and ye shall find Rest to your Souls; for my Yoke is easy, and my Burden is light: And blessed

be the eternal Goodness, I have witnessed it to be so, in comparison of the Bondage of Corruption. And I here insert my Exercise, for the Encouragement of the Sincere-hearted, that all may depend upon the Lord, who is a good Re-

warder of them who diligently seek him; and can give Testimony, according to their Measure, that his Ways are Ways of Pleasant-

ness, and all his Paths are Peace: Therefore let those, whose Feet are thither
turned,

Prov. iii. 17.

Concerning Mary Mollineux.

turned, hold on their Way, and persevere in Righteousness and Purity; that so they may grow stronger and stronger, and be able to lend a helping-hand to them who are weak; as this my dear Friend hath often done, both to me and others. And let all, who are yet seeking the Lord and his Truth, be encouraged in his Faithfulness and Obedience to follow God's Requirements in their own Hearts; *for that which may be known of God, is there manifest; Rom. i. 19. and whatsoever doth make manifest, is Eph. v. 13. Light, (viz.) the Light of Jesus, which enlighteneth every Man that comes into the World:* This is that which truly discovers God to Man, and Man to himself; yea, the whole Mystery of Godliness. Therefore let none tire in their Search after Truth, nor be weary in well-doing, *for they shall reap in due Gal. vi. 9. Season, the Benefit thereof, if they faint not, but hold out to the End;* as did the Author of the ensuing Verses; of whom I am willing to give the Reader some Account.

She was one who, in her Childhood, was much afflicted with weak Eyes, which made her unfit for the usual Employment of Girls; and being of a large natural Capacity, quick, witty and studiously inclined, her Father brought her up to more Learning, than is commonly bestowed on our Sex; in which she became so good a Proficient, that she well understood the *Latin* Tongue, fluently discoursed in it; and made a considerable Progress in *Greek* also; wrote several Hands well; was a good Arithmetician, yea, in the best Arithmetick; *for she so numbered her* Psalm xc. 12.

Frances Owen her Testimony

Days, as to apply her Heart unto Wisdom ; as also to the Study of several useful Arts ; had a good Understanding of Physick and Surgery, the Nature of Plants, Herbs, and Minerals ; and made some Inspection into divers profitable Sciences ; delighting in the Study of Nature, and to admire the great God of Nature, in the various Operations of his Power and Goodness ; the wonderful Harmony and Order of the Creation, and the infinite Wisdom by which it is govern'd ; of which she would often speak : Admiring how there could be an *Atbeist* in the World, since the Creation doth so plainly assert the Being of a Deity. And as we have been walking or riding together, would often discourse of the present Objects, much tending to Edification ; making many pretty Remarks, and comparing outward Things with inward : As also, upon all Occasions, would draw such useful Observations, as made her Company profitable and delighting : For she was of a thoughtful, composed Temper ; yet of a quick Apprehension, and ingenious ; which, being season'd with Truth, in which she had many sweet Openings, these meeting in a Temper conversable, and concerned for the Good of others, made her Conversation improving and desirable. She was one who loved the blessed Truth, and they who walked according to it, from a Child, being early convinced thereof ; tho' she was not satisfied with a bare Profession of Religion, but zealous for the Life of it, both in herself and others ; also furnished with good Arguments to defend it, being ready to give an Answer to every one that asked a *Reason of the Hope which*
was

Concerning Mary Mollineux.

was in her, with Meekness and Fear : Nor forward to begin a Dispute, yet found in what she undertook, and never, that I know of, foil'd in an Argument ; for she had an Eye to the Lord, and liked to be satisfied that she was in her Place, and called by him to what she did for him : Would often mention the Passage of *Uzzah*, 2 *Sam.* vi. 6, 7. how Death was his Punishment, for putting forth his Hand to take hold of the Ark of God, when the Oxen shook it ; it being a Service not required of him.

Nor was she proud, or conceited of her Parts and Learning, but adorned with an humble Modesty ; having, I believe, meaner Thoughts of herself, than any one else had of her, who knew her Qualifications.

Plain and decent in her Cloaths, which she valued for Service more than Sight ; and slighted, in comparison of those better Ornaments of the Mind, which she prefer'd above splendid or costly Apparel.

She was one that loved to read the Holy Scriptures, and such useful Authors as had a Tendency to Improvement ; in which she spent much Time : God having furnished her with an extraordinary Memory to retain the same.

She delighted much in Solitude, and was often alone ; setting apart some Time of the Day for Retirement ; and would frequently say to me, in the Evenings, Let us go aside, and wait upon the Lord ; we have daily Need of daily Bread, and to renew our Strength ; and how can we expect it, if we do not wait for it ? And would recite the Passage of *Elijah*,
1 *Kings*

Frances Owen her Testimony

1 Kings xviii. 36. that at the Time of the Evening Sacrifice, the Lord answered by Fire; with other pretty Remarks, too tedious to insert, which she abounded in, upon all Occasions, to promote that which was good. In these Times of Retirement, Verses would often come up in her Mind, which she afterwards wrote: Many of these, herewith printed, being Meditations according to the Frame and Exercise of her Spirit, when thus composed.

Neither did she neglect publick Opportunities to worship God; for she was diligent in frequenting religious Meetings, not being apt to omit any, unless upon an extraordinary Occasion. Nor did she suffer her Eyes to wander, which the Mind too often accompanies; but the Composedness of her Countenance, shewed the Sedateness of her well exercised Mind: And the good Improvement she made of publick and private Devotion, her innocent and *Christian* Life did clearly discover; which she well began in her early Years, and manifested her Progress therein, by her Constancy and Perseverance to the End, which crowns all; *for 'tis he that endures to the End, that shall be saved*; This she had a Regard to, more than the fading Enjoyments of this uncertain World; and, I believe, she was in a good Condition when she left it, and laid down her Head in Peace with the Lord, leaving a good Savour behind her.

She was one who willingly and chearfully suffered for the Truth, encouraging others to do the like, both by Precept and Example: One just, honest, and true to her Word, temperate and self-denying;

Concerning Mary Mollineux.

denying; keeping within the Limits prescribed for Health, which she regarded, more than to gratify a luxurious Appetite: Solid and grave in her Carriage, mixt with an innocent Chearfulness; not formally austere; yet rather reserv'd, than over-free; bashful, than bold.

To conclude, she was one whose Modesty, Charity, Friendship, and religious Conversation, came not short of her excellent Writings; to which I refer the Reader, for a fuller Character of their Author than I am capable of giving: Her own Pen having discovered the rich Treasure of her pious Mind. But what I have written, is from an experimental Knowledge of her; and no one, I believe, knew her better than myself: For she was as much without Reserve to me, I think, as one Friend could be to another; for we loved entirely, communicated our Minds and Exercises to each other freely, advising with one another on most Occasions: And great was our Nearness and Unity of Spirit, in the Truth; yea, great her Concern for my Welfare, which she zealously labour'd for; as the many Letters, both in Verse and Prose, to me writ, and herewith printed, largely demonstrate.

And tho' Verse is not so commonly used in divine Subjects as Prose, and but too much abused by the extravagant Wits of the Age; yet she, like a skilful Chymist, had learned to separate the purer Spirits, and more refined Parts of Poetry, from the earthly, worthless Dross; and made Use of her Gift, rather to convince and prevail upon the Mind, to affect and raise the Soul upon the Wings of divine Contemplation, than to please the airy
Fancy

Frances Owen her Testimony.

Fancy with Strains of Wit, and unprofitable Invention ; which she was ever careful to avoid.

And tho' living Testimonies to the Truth are numerous, yet few extant in Verse, which hath an harmonious delightful Faculty in it, that influences the Minds of some more than Prose, especially young People, and is more apt to imprint itself in the Memory : Therefore her Subject being divine, and so sensibly and solidly managed ; as it hath been of Service to those few who have had the Perusal of it, so, I hope, will be attended with a general Benefit.

And having reaped no small Advantage thereby myself, could do no less, than recommend her worthy Labours, and exemplary Life, to others, as a Pattern well worth following. For her Acquaintance may say of her, as was said of *Ruth*, *The City of my People doth know that she was a virtuous Woman.* And being a good Instrument in the Hand of the Lord to me, having also been much comforted, encouraged, and refreshed by her Verses, my Desire is, that the Lord may so bless them to Posterity, that they may reap such an Advantage by them, as may tend to the Promotion of Truth, and the Good of Souls in general.

Which is the sincere Desire of an universal Well-wisher to all Mankind,

FRANCES OWEN.

*Rigate, the 20th of the
Third Month, 1701.*

A

TESTIMONY

Concerning my dear Friend

MARY MOLLINEUX.

AS concerning my dearly beloved Friend, *Mary Mollineux*, I have more to testify than I shall commit to Writing, having had intimate Acquaintance and Fellowship with her above sixteen Years; in all which Time, her grave, virtuous, modest Life and Conversation, deserveth singular Remembrance; because her friendly Communication, Conference, and Deportment, was always solid, sensible, and tender, mixt with a feeling and sympathizing Love to her Friends, in all Exercises and Afflictions: She was one, to whom I could freely impart my Mind and Concerns, in any Exercises; as I often have done, to my Comfort and Refreshment. My Heart is moved, in the Remembrance of her Faithfulness and Integrity, from the Day that I was first acquainted with her, with Sorrow for the Loss of so near a Friend; who, although she was plentifully endued with many worthy Gifts and Parts, both natural and spiritual, yet I never knew her lifted up in any of them, nor exalted above her Measure; but rather reserved, than in any wise forwardly divulging her Gifts

Tryal Ryder's Testimony.

Gifts to the publick Censure, without weighty Consideration; so that she would not cast her Pearls before Swine: Yet not so much reserved, but that to her near intimate Friends, whom she knew in the Fellowship and Bond of Truth, she was very free and tender. I remember, that several Years ago, when she was a single Woman, upon the Perusal of some Copies of her Verses which she gave me, I felt such Unity of Spirit with them, that I said, I thought they might be of Service, if made publick in print; but she was not then free that her Name should be exposed; she not seeking Praise amongst Men, but to communicate the Exercise of peculiar Gifts amongst her near Friends and Acquaintance; but now, since it hath pleased the Lord to remove her out of the earthly Tabernacle, into everlasting Rest, in which I am well satisfied she is for ever blessed, I think it would be very ungrateful to her Memory, and also a wronging of others, to keep such worthy Things unpublished; with which, I believe, the most that are of open Understandings, and unprejudiced Hearts, will have, in some measure, Unity. I desire and hope, they may truly tend to the Benefit of all moderate Readers, and to the Praise of Him, who is the only Author of every good and perfect Gift.

And so I rest a Well-wisher to all Mankind; but more especially to the Household of Faith.

TRYAL RIDER.

A

TESTIMONY

Concerning my late Wife

MARY MOLLINEUX,

DECEASED.

CConcerning my dear, loving, and late deceased Wife, *Mary Mollineux*, formerly *Mary Southworth*, whom I took in Marriage on the roth Day of the Second Month, 1685. I was first acquainted with her at *Lancaster-Castle*, where we both at one Time were Prisoners, for being at a peaceable religious Meeting of the People call'd *Quakers*, in the Year 1684, tho' we had seen each other before. In which Imprisonment, I believed that she should be my Wife; but never intended to express any Thing thereof, whilst we were both Prisoners there; and after she was released, I saw her, and was in Company with her several Times, before I expressed any Thing of my Concern to take her to be my Wife; several considerable Men having before attempted to prevail with her on that Account: And during the whole Time of my Acquaintance with her, which was above eleven Years, her Life and Conversation was serious, innocent, sweet and savoury; and she was very loving, diligent, tender-hearted, and kindly affectionate

Henry Mollineux's Testimony

fectionate towards me, and our Children; and generally loving and tender towards all People, especially such as were in any Distress, Sicknes, or Affliction, tho' never so poor; and the Lord blessed her Endeavours, as well in Advice, as Administration of Remedies, to several; so that they have acknowledged their Recoveries to have been thereby, through his Blessing: And what she did therein, was free. She was very careful, that nothing of Evil might get a Place in her Children, or in any with whom she was concerned: And therefore good Advice and Admonition she frequently gave, which many received in Love and good Esteem of her. The Lord opened her Understanding, and enlarged her Capacity, in a great Degree, upon several Accounts; yet her Mind was not lifted up thereby, so as to glory in her Gifts or Parts; but learning of Christ, the Truth, to be *lowly in Heart*, she chose rather to appear little to Men. She was very constant and cordial to her Friends, and true in concealing of Secrets. She was often concerned to make Peace amongst them that were at Difference, and often prevailed therein. She was plain and free in speaking to the Faces of any, but abhorred to reproach any in secret. Her Heart was inclined towards God, therefore, she was just in her Dealing, with all People with whom she had to do. She was convinced of the Way of Truth in her Youth, by the Light or inward Appearance of Christ in her Heart, which she loved; and therefore, she retaining her Integrity to the End of her Time, a Crown of endless Life and Glory, I believe, the Lord hath

Concerning his late Wife.

that bestowed upon her. She was very noble in suffering Persecution for the Testimony of Truth, and enduring hard Exercises, occasioned by my several Imprisonments for the same Cause, whilst she was my Wife. And through several Sickneses and Afflictions the Lord supported her, to persevere in Patience, Faithfulness and Constancy to him. She was very punctual in Performance of her Undertakings, and quick, discreet, and diligent in her Business; yet still she used to take a Time for private Retirement in Evenings alone, except I was with her, to wait upon, and feel after the Lord, in the Gift of his Light, Love and Grace in her Heart; and to see that, with the wise Virgins, she had Oil in her burning Lamp, that it might not go out; but that she might be ready to enter into the Marriage Chamber, whensoever the Lord, the Bridegroom of her Soul, came. She was also very diligent, in attending the Assemblies of the People of God called *Quakers*, with them to meet in the Name, Power, Light and Spirit of the Lord, to wait upon him, to be opened by him, and to receive Refreshment, Strength and Comfort from him, and to feel the Renewings of his Love and Goodness in her Soul. And that Day Week next before her last Illness seized her, after a more than usual manner, she said to me, *That the feeling and enjoying of the sweet eternal Love of God in her Heart, was more precious to her, than all other Things that could be enjoyed, &c.* She was concerned in her Spirit, that many, with her, and all that are faithful to God, might come to taste and see how good the

Henry Mollineux's Testimony

Lord is ; and upon that Account, her Words, Writings and Conversation, were acceptable, prevalent, and serviceable to the Invitation, Convincement, Strengthening and Encouragement of some to seek after the Lord, and his blessed Way and Truth, inwardly revealed, and to be revealed ; wherein many have found great Satisfaction and Cause of Rejoicing. And that many more may receive Benefit by her Writings, I am desirous and concerned to publish them, and refer all sober Readers, in the Fear of God, to peruse them ; not doubting but such may receive Advantage thereby ; tho' she was not free to commit them to publick View in her Life-time, yet she had nothing against the publishing thereof afterwards.

And now I shall give a brief Account of what I was and am a Witness of, concerning her last Illness ; and some of the sweet, sensible and precious Words which she spake in the Time thereof, being very sensible to the End ; so that she spake no impertinent or unsensible Word therein, that I know of, who constantly attended her.

Upon the 8th Day of the Tenth Month, 1695, she was seized with violent Pain and Sicknels, which continued, sometimes more, and sometimes less : And one Morning, soon after, she said to me thus ; *I have had such a Dream, as I have seldom had ; it is an Emblem of my Life.* And then she told it me thus ; viz. *She dreamed, that she was going at the Side of a pleasant broad River, and sometimes she came to Breaches ; which Brooks, running into the River, or the like, had made upon the*

Concerning his late Wife.

the Shore of it ; which Breaches she passed over, but sometimes with Difficulty, and then ran fast on still, till she came to another Breach, and having passed several Breaches, some greater, and some lesser, at last, she came to a Breach which was greater than any of the rest, and she said within herself, how shall I get over this Breach? But yet she went on, and passed through it, and it was fair on the other Side ; and she awaked. Now, as she looked upon this Dream to be an Emblem of her Life, so I cannot, nor could not, since she told it me, expound it otherwise than thus, viz. That the pleasant broad River, signified the Lord her Creator, who is to his People a Place of broad Rivers, Isa. xxxiii. 21. and the Shore thereof, upon which she walked, signified Time ; and the Breaches, which she passed over, were the Difficulties and Afflictions which she passed through in her Time ; and the last and greatest Breach, which she came to, and passed over, signified her last Sickness and Death. From which Dream, as a significant Parable, all may learn and consider, how fast they are hastening, or running, towards their last and greatest Breach ; even the Death, or Dissolution of their earthly Tabernacles ; and none knoweth how near they are to it. About nine Days after her said Illness began, she said to me thus, viz. I am well content, if the Lord see meet, that he take me away by this Distemper, rather than to be in this Pain ; for my Pain is great, and I know not what in this World I can desire to stay to enjoy, except it be my Love, and my little Lads ; meaning me, and our two Children : Of whom she then said thus ; I would rather have my Children enriched with the

Henry Mollineux's Testimony

Fear of the Lord, than with all manner of worldly Riches. About the same Time she said, *I am thinking of honest Richard Johnson, who was a near Friend to us, that slept much of the Time of his Illness before his Departure; methinks it seemeth like an easy Passage.* And soon after that, she began to be inclin'd to Sleepiness, and slept more and more till the End; yet, at her awaking, was still sensible and chearful: And tho' she was daily weaker and weaker, yet she would still sit up five or six, or more, Hours in the Evenings, and discourse freely and chearfully, till within five Days of her Departure. I often desired her to accept of the Advice of some Phyfician, but she was still averse thereto in this Illness, tho' in others she had complied. On the 20th Day of her Illness, in the Evening, discoursing very freely, as formerly, she told me, *She was well satisfied, that if the Lord took her away by that Distemper, she should be eternally happy;* with many other sensible and comfortable Expressions: Tho' she was so weak, that the same Evening, about the eleventh Hour, I thought she had been departing; but in a little Time, recovering her Breath, she spoke chearfully, and slept. At her awaking, that Night, I asked her, How she was? She answered, *Through Mercy, indifferent.* And after a little Pause, she very sensibly said, *Amictum iri, vel Amiciendum esse;* which is in *English*, *To be cloathed hereafter,* in two Expressions of it: Whereby I understood, that she was minding how the Lord would cloath her hereafter, when her mortal Cloathing was put off. Then I desired her, in *English* Words, for they that were present, understood
not

Concerning his late Wife.

not *Latin*, that if she had any Thing in her Mind, either concerning her Children, or any other Thing, farther to communicate to me, that she would do it ; but she, as if all outward Things were then out of her Thoughts, quickly replied in *Latin*, saying, *Why speakest thou such Things ? Dost not thou understand me ?* I answered in *Latin*, Yes, I very well understand thee, and that thou speakest of spiritual Things : She answered, *Yes, but she had nothing, concerning outward Things, farther to communicate to me.* The next Morning, about the ninth Hour, I again thought she had been departing ; but after a little Time, somewhat recovering her Breath, and seeing me express, to Friends that were present, something of my Concern for her, she said to me, *Ne nimis sollicitus esto ;* that is, in *English*, *Be not thou over-much careful, or troubled ;* which Advice took Impression in my Heart : And that was the last *Latin* Sentence that she spake, that I know of ; and she never spake in *Latin*, in this Illness, that I remember, except when Company was present, that she would speak only to me : A little after, most of the Company being gone out, I asked her, How she was ? She answered, *Drawing nearer and nearer.* And many sweet and loving Sentences she spake to me that Day, and the Day next after ; but afterwards was scarcely able to answer to any Question, but continued mostly sleeping as it were, sweetly and quietly : And on the 3d Day of the Eleventh Month 1695, in the Evening, she departed without the least Sigh, or Groan.

Henry Mollineux's Testimony

Fear of the Lord, than with all manner of worldly Riches. About the same Time she said, *I am thinking of honest Richard Johnson, who was a near Friend to us, that slept much of the Time of his Illness before his Departure; methinks it seemeth like an easy Passage.* And soon after that, she began to be inclin'd to Sleepiness, and slept more and more till the End; yet, at her awaking, was still sensible and chearful: And tho' she was daily weaker and weaker, yet she would still sit up five or six, or more, Hours in the Evenings, and discourse freely and chearfully, till within five Days of her Departure. I often desired her to accept of the Advice of some Physician, but she was still averse thereto in this Illness, tho' in others she had complied. On the 20th Day of her Illness, in the Evening, discoursing very freely, as formerly, she told me, *She was well satisfied, that if the Lord took her away by that Distemper, she should be eternally happy;* with many other sensible and comfortable Expressions: Tho' she was so weak, that the same Evening, about the eleventh Hour, I thought she had been departing; but in a little Time, recovering her Breath, she spoke chearfully, and slept. At her awaking, that Night, I asked her, How she was? She answered, *Through Mercy, indifferent.* And after a little Pause, she very sensibly said, *Amictum iri, vel Amiciendum esse;* which is in *English*, *To be cloathed hereafter,* in two Expressions of it: Whereby I understood, that she was minding how the Lord would cloath her hereafter, when her mortal Cloathing was put off: Then I desired her, in *English* Words, for they that were present, understood not

Concerning his late Wife.

not *Latin*, that if she had any Thing in her Mind, either concerning her Children, or any other Thing, farther to communicate to me, that she would do it ; but she, as if all outward Things were then out of her Thoughts, quickly replied in *Latin*, saying, *Why speakest thou such Things ? Dost not thou understand me ?* I answered in *Latin*, Yes, I very well understand thee, and that thou speakest of spiritual Things : She answered, *Yes, but she had nothing, concerning outward Things, farther to communicate to me.* The next Morning, about the ninth Hour, I again thought she had been departing ; but after a little Time, somewhat recovering her Breath, and seeing me express, to Friends that were present, something of my Concern for her, she said to me, *Ne nimis sollicitus esto ;* that is, in *English*, *Be not thou over-much careful, or troubled ;* which Advice took Impression in my Heart : And that was the last *Latin* Sentence that she spake, that I know of ; and she never spake in *Latin*, in this Illness, that I remember, except when Company was present, that she would speak only to me : A little after, most of the Company being gone out, I asked her, How she was ? She answered, *Drawing nearer and nearer.* And many sweet and loving Sentences she spake to me that Day, and the Day next after ; but afterwards was scarcely able to answer to any Question, but continued mostly sleeping as it were, sweetly and quietly : And on the 3d Day of the Eleventh Month 1695, in the Evening, she departed without the least Sigh, or Groan.

Henry Mollineux's *Testimony*

And so, though the Lord, who, in his Love, joined us together, and gave us for Blessings to each other, and blessed us with the abundant Increase of his Love in our Hearts, even to the End of her Time, hath seen meet to take from me her Company, which I valued above all other temporal Enjoyments; the Loss whereof is great to me: Yet being satisfied that she is entered into Rest, in the Bosom of God's Love, with him to live in Peace and Happiness for ever; and also, being clear, in that, through his Assistance, according to the Understanding given me, I have endeavoured fully to discharge my Duty of endeared Love to her, in every Respect, in her last, as well as former, Exercises; therefore I am, in the Love of God, comforted, and can cheerfully and freely say, The Lord's Will is worthy to be done in all Things, and his Name to be blessed, praised and magnified, over all, for ever,

By HENRY MOLLINEUX.

Concerning his late Wife.

A few Words more, in Remembrance of my
dear Wife, M. Mollineux.

TH O' it may seem to some that read my Lines
As a delightful Thing, because their Minds
Still their Enjoyments have; yet they must know
No lasting Joys remain in Things below.
The Sytbe of Time, Death, parteth Friend from Friend,
But to true Friendship cannot put an End;
Though Friends surviving Exercise may find,
Whose Friends remov'd, whilst they remain behind.
My Friend, my Friend, my dearest Friend, my Wife,
The greatest Joy and Comfort of my Life,
In Visibles, is now remov'd from me:
Though, as one destitute of Hope, I see
No Cause to mourn for her; but sure I may
Be, for my Loss, concern'd: Yet this can say,
The Lord hath giv'n, the Lord hath took again,
High Praises still be to his glorious Name,
Tho' mine's the Loss, her's is the endless Gain. }
Although to me my Loss to bear is hard,
Yet am I from Repining quite debarr'd;
The Lord doth with his Goodness so supply,
My Soul shall ever praise him, till I die.
Bless'd be the Day, wherein my Love abounded,
At first to her, and Friendship firm was founded,
In our united Hearts, my faithful Friend:
Friendship 'twixt thee and me shall never end.
She was my Wife for full ten Years, alas,
Short Time! which we in tender Love did pass,
Endearingly, which in our Hearts was sown,
Some Time before, by the Eternal One;

Henry Mollineux's Testimony

*Which, living in our Bosoms, did increase,
Until the Time of her deplor'd Decease,
And now's as fresh as ever. Surely she,
Who wrote of Friendship, Love's extream Degree,
Although with Life, her Pen was much sublim'd,
Yet, did not, as her Bosom beld it, find
Words half sufficient, fully to declare
The faithful Love she to her Friend did bear.
True, Tender-hearted, in Affection kind,
Exceeding diligent, and much inclin'd
All for to serve in Love; but much more me,
To whom she had comply'd my Wife to be.
She to the Age of thirty-four Years staid
A modest, chaste, reserv'd, ingenious Maid;
Who did not only write of Modesty,
In Words profound, and spotless Chastity,
But in Example was, as well as Words,
A Pattern in the same: Wherein accords
Her Life, Works, Writings, Words, true, lovely, sweet,
Which in concinnate Harmony did meet.
And as she wrote of Worship, Truth, and Zeal,
With Courage bold for God, she did not fail,
Being by his Arm upheld, when deeply prov'd,
To stand a faithful Witness: For she lov'd
The Praise of God, more than the Praise of Men;
Therefore was more to him, seem'd less to them
That did not choose his Fear: Wherein she found
Wisdom to stop their Mouths, their Wits confound;
Though of the chief in Babel's Learning, they
Stood as amaz'd, and knew not what to say.
A Bishop of two Counties Diocess
Her question'd, she replied, he proved this:
His Chaplain then, the Master's Cause to mend,
Attempting to dispute, was foil'd i' th' End;*

Whose

Concerning his late Wife.

Whose Brother, being Lawyer, present cry'd,
Her Learning made her mad; when she reply'd,
He, as asham'd and speechless, turn'd aside. }
Thus three great learned Men, of subtil Wit,
To Silence put, did in one Hour submit
T' a little Woman, crown'd with Wisdom's Bays,
Who, in God's Fear did celebrate his Praise,
Declaring boldly 'gainst that Worship, which
God ne'er set up, that makes its Merchants rich.
She lov'd the precious Truth, plac'd in her Heart,
For which she was imprison'd; but the Smart
Its Adversaries felt: For Joy to her
Thereby accru'd, who did its Cause prefer
Before all Transitories. And, when I
Was Prisoner for the same, it was my Joy,
That she great Exercise did nobly bear,
Therein rejoicing in God's holy Fear:
Though for her Sake, Grief pierced oft my Mind,
When I the Sense did of her Suffering find,
So deep, that from mine Eyes my Sleep withdrew,
And secret Tears did frequently pursue:
Yea, without outward Notice, once was I,
When she was by Distemper, like to die,
Made sensible thereof, though in the Goal,
Distant near forty Miles, and did condole;
And for her to the Lord I pray'd, whose Ear
Was open, and through Prison-walls did hear:
And he releas'd her from her Malady,
And me from Prison, her again to see;
Though then confin'd, as firm as Men could tie;
Praises be to God's Name eternally.
She sweetly wrote of Charity divine,
Which in her Heart and Life did clearly shine

More

Henry Mollineux's Testimony

More bright, than in her Words ; which did extend,
In her, to Poor and Rich, to Foe and Friend ;
To all in Plainness she, with due Respect,
Would freely shew her Sense ; but to reflect
'Gainst any, being absent, did eschew ;
Charity taught her better Things to do.
To any in Affliction, she was free
Advice to give, or Help with Remedy,
Where her Endeavours could ; which God did bless,
Remarkably, with the desir'd Success :
Yea, sometimes, when Physicians had been try'd.
Much Money paid, and still the Cure deny'd
To their Performance, she in Freeness gave
What, from Distempers dreadful, prov'd to save.
But Charity in her did farther move
Her tender Heart, in sympathizing Love,
To use her Tongue or Pen, a Word to give
To Minds in Exercise ; which did relieve,
Convince, or satisfy, and strengthen some,
The Race of Virtue in their Time to run.
For which, some have good Cause to bless the Name
Of God, from whom these Words with Virtue came.

This is not writ to magnify her Praise,
The Praise belongs to God, who first did raise
Her Mind, from Things below to seek his Truth,
Hid in her Heart, in Time of tender Youth ;
Which, truly sought, she found, and prized more
Than Ophir's Gold, or Pearls of Indian Shore.
This taught her to discern the Way of God,
From Ways of Men ; this made her love his Rod :
This gave her Knowledge of her Duty right,
Unto the Lord ; this gave her also Sight
Into the Properties of needful Things,
Of many Kinds, that Mortals Comfort brings :

This

Concerning his late Wife.

his gave her, in her tender Years, to see
the frail Estate of poor Mortality;
the Sense whereof she Daily did retain,
striving, with earnest Diligence, to gain
the precious Pearl of Immortality.
As if she knew how short her Time should be;
in Hope of which, when painful Death assail'd
her mortal Part, her Courage never fail'd,
but did, with Sense as sound as ever, shew
her true Content, and Satisfaction too.
To leave this World, of true Felicity,
to be possess'd to all Eternity.

Oh! may, with me, her Off-spring still remain
in God's pure Fear, eternal Life to gain:
When, this short Time once past, we may in Peace,
live with the Just, where Joys shall never cease;
Where we, with her, may living Praises sing
for ever to the LORD, the heavenly King.

HENRY MOLLINEUX.

*The following Relation, touching some Discour
that, upon Occasion, she had with Docto
Stratford, so called, Bishop of the Diocess of
Cheshire and Lancashire, &c.*

*Given forth and attested by my Kinsman Henry
Mollineux, who was there present, viz.*

UPON the 18th Day of the Twelfth Month
1690, I and another Neighbour were
taken Prisoners, and brought to *Lancaster Jail*,
upon a Writ *De Excommunicatio Capiendo*, for
not appearing at the Bishop's Court in *Chester*;
though willing to appear, but had no Citation
shewed us; nor lawful Notice given: Of which
Proceedings, it being witnessed under the Hands
of several who were present when such Notice
was pretended to be given, she acquainted the
said Bishop, he being at *Ormskirk*, near our
Dwelling, in the Sixth Month 1691, and it was
so evidently manifested to him, that he seemed
satisfied of the Truth thereof, and said, *They who
should have given the Notice, were to be blamed, &c.*
And moderately discoursing with her, he said,
*If she would come to his Dwelling-house in Wigan,
within two or three Weeks, when he had conferred
with his Chancellor, if he could find out any Way to
do it, he would do any Kindness therein that lay in
his Power for her.* Now that which she desired,
was, that the Prisoners might be admitted in
his Court to put in their Appearance; for
want of which they were imprisoned. So, up-
on his Advice, on the 24th Day of the sixth
Month

A Relation of a Discourse, &c.

Month 1691, she went to the Bishop's House
Wigan, to receive his Answer; where he
again discoursed with her, and seemed willing
that the Prisoners might be admitted to put in
their Appearance; but his Chancellor's Deputy
were concluded, that they could not be so ad-
mitted. Then the Bishop asked her, *Why they*
could not pay the Church-leys, for that was the
cause for which we were prosecuted; she an-
swered, *They could not pay them for Conscience-*
sake: He required her to shew him some Scrip-
ture for it; then she asked him to shew her any
precept or Example in the Scriptures, that the
Jews, or any of the People of God, ever offered
to compel any other People to pay towards the
upholding of their Worship, or Worship-houses,
or Temples? The Bishop replied, *Tho' he could*
not do that, yet what Scripture have you for it, said
she, *that you cannot pay to ours for Conscience-sake?*
He answering, said, I will offer thee Scripture
for it, and it is this: It is said in the Scriptures,
come out from among them, (my People) and be ye
separate, saith the Lord, touch not the unclean Thing,
and I will receive you, 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18. Rev.
viii. 4. Now, said she, if we had believed that
you, in your Worship, had been right, we had
not come out from amongst you; but because we
believed, and were convinced, that it was not
right, and therefore are come out from amongst
you, we dare not for Conscience-sake touch with
you; but if we should pay towards your Worship,
or Worship-houses, we should both touch and
uphold. To which Answer, the Bishop made no
reply; but he said to his Chancellor's Deputy,
I pray

A Relation of a Discourse, &c.

I pray you, Mr. Prescot, if you can find out any way that they may put in their Appearance, that they may have their Liberty, let it be done; and do what Kindness you can for them: And so he went his way. The Bishop could give no Scripture, in Answer to her Question; but she answered his Question with Scripture, so that he made no Reply: And she, with his Face, bore a faithful Testimony against the Worship, which is prescribed by Men; which Testimony the Bishop did not contradict. And there being then present, one *Entwistle*, the Bishop's Chaplain, so called, and his Brother *Entwistle*, a Lawyer, and another Priest, and the Bishop's Daughter; when the Bishop was gone, and she and her Kinsman were come out of the House, and were going away, they all four followed; and the said Chaplain, or Priest *Entwistle*, began, and engaged with her in a Dispute concerning Religion, and in about half an Hour, or less, he was so taken and confounded in his own Arguments, that his Mouth was stopped; which his Brother, the Lawyer seeing, as it were to excuse him, said to him, *I wonder you should trouble yourself to discourse with that Woman, she hath so much Learning, it makes her mad.* To which she said, What! do you (Letter-learned) now begin to vilify Learning, by which you have your Honours and Preferments? Then the Lawyer, not speaking any other Word, went away, and she left them.

Declared and testified by my Kinsman,

HENRY MOLLINEUX

A Relation of some Passages, &c.

So the Bishop, and his Chaplain, and the Chaplain's Brother, a Lawyer, were all put to Silence by the Wisdom wherewith the Lord endued her, so speak in Defence of the Cause of his Truth: Praises be to God for ever.

After this, we being out of Prison, and understanding that the Parish-Priest was endeavouring to get us into it again, (and so we were again imprisoned) she spoke these Words, which I then wrote, viz.

*Esuriens, agnis quantum concedet in agris
Ipse lupus, vobis jam dabit iste miser;
Crudelisque rapax, cupidus, sine jure, Sacerdos,
Nummos, non Animas, curat, egetque cupit.*

Which bears the Signification following, viz.

*Even what the hungry Wolf in Field would do
To feeding Lambs, so will the Wretch to you:
The cruel Priest, fierce, covetous, unjust,
For Money, not for Souls, doth cark and lust.*

And so, in getting us into Prison again, the Priest obtained his Point; but he missed of his Prey, and never got it.

Many were the loving, sweet and sensible Epistles, that she sent to me, when in Prison; ever shewing her free Resignation to the Will of the Lord, in all her Exercises, which then were great; and with much Cheerfulness and Patience she went through them. And since her Decease, I found these following Lines, which she had written, viz.

The

A Relation of some Passages, &c.

*Tho' some on furious Waves be often toss'd,
And by the stormy Winds oppos'd and cross'd,
And watch'd by roving Pirates; surely they
Are kept by one, whom Winds and Waves obey:
Tho' sometimes exercis'd, thereby to learn
Who guards and sits as Pilot at the Stern,
And with his Arm of Power doth interpose
Betwixt his Children and their wond'ring Foes.
Oh who would not love, honour, and depend,
On such a potent, such a constant Friend!*

So she depended upon the Lord, and he preserved her.

In a Letter dated the 9th of the Twelfth Month, 1691, she sent to me in Prison these Lines, viz.

I

*Qui nocent Sanctis, Dominus locutus,
Hi sui tangunt Oculi Pupillam,
Sentient iram, quoque reddet istis*

Præmia dira.

II.

*Si Deo credis, filioque Christo,
Quisquis es Vir desipiensque rudis!
Cautus es nè tu Domino repugnas*

Cordeque pugnīs.

III.

*Stultus at dixit sibi Corde, nullus
Est Deus; spernens igitur doceri
Sæpe protervus ruit in ruinam*

Absque timore.

M. M.

She signified her Hastē in the writing of these, because the Bearer staid for the Letter; and that

A Relation of some Passages, &c.

that she had not made any of such Quantities for above twenty Years before. They bear the Signification following, viz.

I.

*The Lord, of them that hurt his Saints, doth say,
They touch the Apple of his Eye ; and they
Shall feel his Anger ; he will them requite
With dreadful Plagues, in Death's eternal Night.*

II.

*If thou believest God, and Christ his Son,
Who'er thou art, thou rude and foolish Man,
Beware, lest thou the Lord of Heaven resist,
And fight against him both with Heart and Fist.*

III.

*But in his Heart the foolish Man hath said,
There is no God ; and therefore not dismay'd
To slight his Teachings : He, in froward Wrath,
Runs fearless on in Ruin's dreadful Path.*

Englified by H. M.

About a Week before her last Illness seized her, she desired me, being writing, to write these two Lines, viz.

*Non quærit laudem Virtus, sibi debita vera est
Gloria, quam frendens nequit hinc depellere livor.*

Which I translate thus, viz.

*Virtue seeks not for Praise of Men, true Glory is its Due,
Which fretting Envy never can dispel from Virtue true.*

H. M.

C

T. O

21 Resolution of some Postage, &c.

that the said post made one of four quarters
for above twenty years before. They are the
specification followeth.

That the said post made one of four quarters
for above twenty years before. They are the
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TO THE
READER.

THE Author of this miscellaneous Grove,
Was fruitful both in Virtue and in Love:
Read but the following Lines, and thou may'st find,
She was the Mistress of a noble Mind;
A Soul, of more than common size, possess'd
Her almost, I had said, too narrow Breast.
True to her Friend, as plainly doth appear,
In dealing plainly with her Friend so dear:
She us'd no gilded Baits, no Flattery,
No feigned Words, but plain Sincerity;
Which doth bespeak her Love, and Virtue too,
Contended one the other to out-do.
In Numbers sweet, her warbling Pen hath try'd
Unerring Truth from Error to divide:
Her Lines, thus measur'd, have successful been
To turn the wand'ring Mind to search within;
Where that invaluable Treasure lies,
Unsought by most, discover'd to the Wise;
But yet conceal'd and hid from vult'rous Eyes.
'Tis not the common Way, I must confess,
To write in Verse; although 'tis ne'ertheless
To be esteem'd; because some do disdain,
And undervalue what they can't attain:

21. Relation of some Passages, &c.

and the said not made any of them. Quantities
for above twenty years before. They bear the
Signature following, viz.

I, John, of the County of Middlesex, do hereby
certify that the above is a true and correct
copy of the original, as the same is now
in my possession, and I have not altered it.

I, John, do hereby certify that the above is a true
and correct copy of the original, as the same is now
in my possession, and I have not altered it.

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TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE Author of this miscellaneous Grove,
Was fruitful both in Virtue and in Love :
Read but the following Lines, and thou may'st find,
She was the Mistress of a noble Mind ;
A Soul, of more than common size, possess'd
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True to her Friend, as plainly doth appear,
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To be esteem'd ; because some do disdain,
And undervalue what they can't attain :

To the R E A D E R.

I'd have such unadvised ones to know,
Their Genius perches on a lower Bough;
For want of Wings their untun'd Souls to raise
Unto a Pitch of Harmony and Praise.
Oft have I seen the Lark upon the Wing,
Toward the Sun ascend, and sweetly sing,
As if she had a Tribute due to pay
Unto the mighty Ruler of the Day,
In well composed Songs of tuneful Breath,
Such as the Swan repeats before her Death.
Thus was our Author's noble Faculty
Employ'd to render Thanks, in Melody,
To Him, from whom she did her Life receive;
To Him, who never sparingly doth give
To them that, to His Praise, His Gifts do use,
And with His Blessings don't the World abuse.
'Tis such as these unto the Well can sing,
That bubbles up from the Eternal Spring;
And these alone, that to themselves secure (sure.
A Place, where Waters fail not, and where Bread is
I' th' Praise of noble Verse, much I might say,
Which, tho' by some abus'd, its Value don't allay.
A Pearl will not the less a Crown adorn,
'Cause by a filthy Swine it hath been worn,
And trampled under Foot; th' intrinsick Price
Will still appear unto the truly Wise.

We read in sacred Writ of some that wore,
The Jewels of the Lord, and play'd the Whore;
We also read, how *David*, with his Lyre,
Could still *Saul's* Rage, and sooth his secret Fire,
That did his Breast inflame, and heavenly
Thoughts inspire;
How with his Verse, he could his Mind compose,
And lull his Passions to a soft Repose.

His

To the **R E A D E R**

His Psalms are full of Hymns and Songs of Praise,
Prophetick mystick Flights, in heavenly Lays ;
Which may suffice to let the Reader know,
He was a Poet, and a Prophet too.

The wisest Prince that ever fill'd a Throne,
Or sway'd a Scepter in the World, was one,
Who of divine and heavenly Love has sang
A Song, which from th' harmonious Being sprang,
Therefore, kind Reader, don't pre-judge, but try,
And then, no doubt, but in this Harmony,
Thou'lt, to thy Comfort, Satisfaction find,
When Discomposure doth possess thy Mind.

CONTENTS

<i>Epistles in Prose.</i>	from	<i>Contemplation.</i>	p. 34
page 1 to p. 8		<i>A Meditation in Retirement.</i>	p. 36
<i>Of the Fall of Man.</i>	p. 9	<i>On the Vanity of the World.</i>	p. 37
<i>Of a sinful State.</i>	p. 10	<i>Contemplation.</i>	p. 39
<i>On God's Love.</i>	p. 12	<i>A Meditation.</i>	p. 40
<i>Of this Age.</i>	p. 14	<i>On Truth.</i>	p. 41
<i>On the fruitless Fig tree.</i>	p. 16	<i>Contemplation.</i>	p. 44
<i>On Israel's Rebellion.</i>	p. 17	<i>The Retreat, a Meditation.</i>	p. 45
<i>Meditations in Trouble.</i>	p. 20	<i>The first Epistle to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 47
<i>A Meditation.</i>	p. 21	<i>The second Epistle to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 49
<i>On Peter</i>	p. 23	<i>A Remembrancer.</i>	p. 52
<i>A Meditation in Affliction.</i>	p. 24	<i>An Epistle to Cousin E. S.</i>	p. 53
<i>On the Sight of a Skull.</i>	p. 25.	<i>To Cousin M. S.</i>	p. 54
<i>A Meditation.</i>	p. 26.	<i>The third Epistle to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 55
<i>On the Parable of the ten Virgins.</i>	p. 27	<i>The fourth Epistle to Cousin F. R. in Answer to one received.</i>	p. 58
<i>A Meditation.</i>	p. 29		To
<i>On Nadab and Abihu.</i>	p. 31		
<i>On Charity.</i>	p. 32		

The CONTENTS.

<i>To Cousin P. S.</i>	p. 61	<i>A Parable to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 112
<i>Contemplation.</i>	p. 63	<i>Solitude.</i>	p. 113
<i>An Epistle to M. J.</i>	p. 64	<i>A Meditation.</i>	p. 116
<i>Meditations.</i>	p. 65	<i>Meditations on Persecution.</i>	p. 117
<i>The fifth Epistle to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 67	<i>On Daniel.</i>	p. 120
<i>The sixth Epistle to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 69	<i>Meditations concerning our Imprisonment only for Conscience - sake,</i>	
<i>Meditations in Trouble.</i>	p. 71	<i>1684, in Lancaster Castle.</i>	p. 123
<i>Concerning Trials.</i>	p. 73	<i>Another Letter to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 126
<i>A Meditation in Retirement.</i>	p. 75	<i>On Friendship.</i>	p. 129
<i>Of Modesty.</i>	p. 77	<i>On the three holy Children.</i>	p. 130
<i>Meditation.</i>	p. 81	<i>The Conclusion of a Letter to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 133
<i>On Elijah.</i>	p. 83	<i>A Meditation.</i>	p. 134
<i>Of Chastity.</i>	p. 88	<i>To her Friend M. J.</i>	Ibid.
<i>Of a Friend.</i>	p. 91	<i>A Meditation.</i>	p. 135
<i>A Meditation.</i>	p. 92	<i>Friendship tried.</i>	p. 136
<i>Of the Rainbow.</i>	p. 95	<i>A Meditation.</i>	p. 138
<i>Of Content.</i>	p. 97	<i>Of a happy Life.</i>	p. 141
<i>An Epistle to M. R.</i>	p. 99	<i>On David and Jonathan.</i>	p. 142
<i>An Epistle to Cousin J. R.</i>	p. 100	<i>On Modesty and Chastity.</i>	p. 145
<i>An Elegy.</i>	p. 102	<i>Retirement.</i>	p. 146
<i>An Epistle.</i>	p. 107	<i>On Solomon's Requests.</i>	p. 148
<i>The seventh Epistle to Cousin F. R. being then under some Exercises of Mind.</i>	p. 108	<i>A Meditation.</i>	p. 150
<i>The eighth Epistle to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 109	<i>Contemplation.</i>	p. 151
<i>A Letter to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 111		

The CONTENTS.

<i>Of Friendship.</i>	p. 153	<i>Another Meditation.</i>	p. 166
<i>A Letter to a Friend.</i>	p. 158	<i>Dat veniam Corvis, vexat</i>	
<i>Another Letter to a Friend.</i>	p. 159	<i>cenfura Columbis.</i>	p. 167
<i>Upon parting with a Friend.</i>	p. 161	<i>A Letter to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 169
<i>A Letter of Invitation to a Friend.</i>	p. 163	<i>Another Letter to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 170
<i>A Meditation.</i>	p. 164	<i>A third Letter to Cousin F. R.</i>	p. 171
		<i>Upon Silence.</i>	p. 173

Fruits

Fruits of Retirement :
 O R
 EPISTLES in Prose.

An EPISTLE to her Kinswoman F. R.

Dear Friend and Cousin,

IN the unfeigned Love, my Heart is concerned for thee, really desiring thy temporal and Eternal Welfare : I should be glad indeed to be made instrumental for thy Satisfaction, in Doubts or Scruples ; but, alas ! Words or Arguments cannot, without the powerful Influence of the living Eternal Word in thy own Heart, resolve or disannul the Consultations and Reasonings of this kind, that may inwardly arise, or be by others suggested, unto thee : Yet this is in my Mind to signify, touching the Word [*Thou*] that besides the Properness thereof, it is the Phrase and Language used in Scripture, by some owned for a Rule ; and 'tis mostly a slavish Fear of Men, that in the Hearts of those that would shun the Cross, deters from the Use of it. Yet I desire not to invite thee to a bare Formality, &c. for until thou art convinced in thy own Mind, that
 the

the Day of small Things is not to be despised, and knowest that Power and Love which capacitate and enables to undergo Trials ; which are indeed but momentary, in comparison of the exceeding Weight of Glory, that unto the Faithful is and shall be revealed, it signifies little ; But it is written, *He that will be my Disciple, must take up the Cross, &c.*

As for the Names of Days or Months, as now used, they are contrary to Scripture, where it is written, the *first* and *second*, &c. as in *John xx. 1. 19.* and in *Zephaniah iii. 9.* there is a Promise, *I will turn the People to a pure Language, &c. I will take away the Names of Baalim out of her Mouth, Hos. ii. 17.*

Now concerning outward Sacraments, as thou termest them ; they indeed are outward only, and Shadows ; but the Substance being come, they flee away. Neither can outward Water purify the Conscience, nor outward Bread nourish the immortal Soul. And tho' in the Infancy of some, such Things were in Condescension permitted, as also Circumcision ; yet the Baptism of Christ, which was then said to exceed *John's*, was with the Holy Ghost, and with Fire, which quickens and purifies the Heart, Soul, and Body ; which *Paul* preferred before *Touching, Tasting, and Handling*, all which perish with using, after the Doctrines of Men, &c. Christ, the Substance of all Shadows, is now by many witnessed to be come, to nourish the inward Man ; whereof the Lord alone, in his tender Love, can make thee truly sensible, as thou abidest faithful to what is already revealed ;
even

even in the true Fear, the Fountain of Wisdom, the chiefest Treasure, which the Thief can never break through to steal.

Know farther, dear Cousin, That *the Secrets of the Lord are with them that fear him*; and, *He that is faithful in a little, shall be made Ruler over much*: Of which gracious Privilege, that thou mayst become a living Witness, is the hearty Desire of

Thy faithful Friend and Cousin.

Warrington, the 3d of the
Tenth Month 1678.

P O S T S C R I P T.

THE Lord can and will preserve those that love and depend upon him, and love the Light, bringing their Deeds to it, that they may be made manifest; as it is written, *Eph. v. 13. Whatsoever makes manifest, is Light*, and that within revealed, even in the Heart. And as one of our Sex hath notably said or writ, several Years since:

He that commands himself, is more a Prince

Than he that Nations keeps in Awe;

Who yield to that which doth their Souls convince,

Shall never need another Law.

Another

Another EPISTLE to F. R.*Dearly-beloved Cousin,*

Distance of Place cannot easily cancel the Characters of true Friendship from solid Minds ; especially where the true Marks of Christ's Disciples are manifest, viz. *Love*, which is indeed the Fulfilling of the royal Law ; for it beareth all Things, thinks no Evil, and seeketh not its own, but others Good : In this therefore is the true Perfection, which I desire we may daily more and more press after, and travail for. I am

*Thy truly loving Cousin.**Another* EPISTLE to F. R.*Well-beloved Friend and Cousin,*

I Have received two Letters from thee, the first of which doth signify thy going to a Meeting, where thou heardst *M. Worrel*, &c. whereof I was very glad, desiring the Effect thereof may not easily be raced out of Mind. I do dearly desire thee, not to prolong thy Servitude in *Egypt's Land*, the Land of Darknes : For I may tell thee with Grief, many have suffered Loss by consulting with Flesh and Blood, and a glorious Day hath passed over their Heads, O who knows what Instruments the Lord is preparing

preparing for himself? Let us wait to be made Vessels of Honour for his heavenly House, wherein the Righteous shall dwell in everlasting Peace, and Joy unutterable, and full of Glory, in the Presence of the immaculate Lamb, who reigns in the holy City, and is alone worthy to reign for ever, and evermore, *Amen.*

Ah! it is now no Time to delay, but flee from *Babylon* to the Rock of Ages, even to Mount *Zion* the Refuge of *Israel*, the safe Hiding-place. Where, that we may together know an eternal Habitation, is the hearty Desire of

1678.

Thy true Friend and Cousin.

Another EPISTLE to F. R.

Dear Cousin,

IN that unfeigned Love that thinks no Evil, I do I dearly salute thee; hoping thou, in that, wilt excuse my Omission of writing all this Time, when thou considerest the Cause, which I suppose is this, thou art informed of, *viz.* Some Hurryings of us before Magistrates, for being at an Evening meeting; who, having required Bonds for Appearance at Sessions, we not being willing to enter into Bonds, tho' we promised to appear, were many of us committed to be sent to *Lancaster*; we came to the Castle betimes the third Day of our setting out, which was the last Sixth-day, not being wearied so much as sometimes in going to our Monthly-meeting: Blessed be the Name of the Lord, who preserved *Israel's* Feet from swelling

swelling in their Travels of old. His Arm of Power is the very same as ever ; and we can say, our Confinement is not grievous to us : For these strong Walls cannot seclude us from our best Beloved, who is our exceeding great Reward. For his Presence is near, and his tender Care over us continually, beyond Expectation, making our Trials easy. This Day we had a very sweet Meeting, a good Friend being come to visit us ; and we daily find ourselves engaged to bear with Patience (if I may so say, being not proved above the Power granted us) those Things which are for Trials to us. Therefore, *dear Friend*, be encouraged ; for, that the Wrath of Man shall turn to the Praise of the Lord, and the Remainder be surely restrained, is the Hope and Confidence of

Thy true Friend.

Lancaster Castle, the 31st of
the Fifth Month 1684.

Another EPISTLE to F. R.

Dear Friend,

CAN any but a second Self judge how welcome thy kind Epistle was to confined Friends ? Or can such an one ignore the grateful Reception thereof ? Surely nay. And tho' thou seemest concerned, and I believe art so indeed, for these our Exercises, yet do I really desire thou mayst rather sympathize with me, in that Solace and true Satisfaction of Mind, which in great measure abolisheth the small Trouble of Confinement,

onfinement, especially to single Persons ; for it
probably more to those that have the Charge
of Families. And tho' sometimes other Friends,
Prisoners in the Castle in other Rooms, keep the
Key of ours, and other Times the Under-Jailor,
is all one to us that know *Israel's* King and
Keeper to be our Guard ; whose universal Love
and Spirit penetrates the proudest Walls : And
we can truly say, We lay us down and sleep in
safety ; for the Lord sustains us, and watcheth
over us ; he is our Rock and strong Tower, and
he restrains the Wrath of Men as he pleaseth.
But if he permits us to be proved yet more, his
blessed Will be done ; he is All-sufficient to
support, as well as ever : Let nothing discourage
us from following him, who is wile to prove
whom he loves.

I was never Prisoner before this Time, nor
ever better contented to be one ; and the Lord
 hath preserved me unto a suitable Season, blessed
be his Name for ever.

As to what Act, whereby they proceed against
me, I value not, they are all alike to me ; it is in
vain to wage War with them with their own
Weapons : But the Indictment, read at the Quarter
Sessions, was, for *riotous, routous, and tumultuous
Assembling*, &c. but how they'll proceed I know
not. Yet that both we and thou may know a Will
and Mind freely resigned to the Eternal Wisdom
in all Things, is the secret Breathing of

Thy chearful and constant Friend.

*Windsor Castle, the 10th of
the Sixth Month 1684.*

Another

Another EPISTLE to F. R.*Dear Cousin,*

I Have received thy redoubled Tokens of Friendship, whereby my Pen is hastened to Paper sooner than otherwise designed ; tho' not without a secret Sympathy with thee in the Exercises both inward and outward, that attend both from the Miscarriages of some, and other near Concerns. But we may not be ignorant that the Entrance into the Kingdom is through many Tribulations : And the Power is as sufficient to preserve as ever ; or else what would become of us every Day ? Ah ! let us never forget to lean to it ; for *Israel's* King was well pleased with one that leaned on him of old, so that he was noted to be the Disciple whom Jesus loved. O Love incomprehensible ! Who can enough admire thee ?

Dear Friend, wait low to feel the Influence thereof every Opportunity, that so the Life may be known to capacitate our engaged Souls to return all the Praise, Honour and Glory unto him, to whom alone it doth belong.

This from thy true Friend and Cousin

From

Fruits of Retirement :

O R,

Miscellaneous Poems,
Moral and Divine.

Of the Fall of Man.

THE Holy One did, by his Word, create
Man in a blessed innocent Estate ;
Gave him a righteous Law, whereby he might
Live in eternal, pure, unstain'd Delight ; (Field,
But th' Serpent, more subtil than any Beast i' th'
Soon with a Lye our Mother *Eve* beguil'd,
Through a vain Hope ; and to Iniquity
Enslav'd poor Man, breaking the Unity
Betwixt him and his Maker ; leading him
Fondly to seek a Satisfaction in
Self-hood, and transitory Things, below
The chiefest Good : Whereby Man came to know
Sad Disappointments ; whence he could not be,
By Pow'r in Self, e'er ransom'd or set free.
But, ah, the Bowels of eternal Love
Did then, with Pity and Compassion, move

D

Towards

Towards his Creature, that he promised,
The Woman's Seed should bruise the Serpent's Head:
 And, in the Time appointed, freely gave
 His darling Son a Sacrifice, to save
 Perishing Mankind from that dreadful State,
 Which was so miserable desperate ;
 So that believing in the heavenly Pow'r,
 He comes to know his Lord and Saviour,
 Redeeming him from Sin unto Salvation,
 And to eternal Reconciliation.

Written 1663.

Of a sinful State.

MY Sins are numberless, more than the Hair
 Upon my Head ; yea, more than I can bear.
 O how my Soul doth languish in Distress,
 Because polluted with Unrighteousness !
 Ah, how my wretched Heart has often been
 Ensnar'd with Folly, and enticing Sin !
 Sin, seeming pleasant, subtilly betrays
 Poor doting Mortals ; but its cursed Ways
 Lead to Death's Chambers, and like Poison sweet,
 Lulls on the Soul into a lasting Sleep.
 Lord, rouse me from such Slumbers that arise,
 That I may this deformed Sin despise,
 And quite forsake all earthly Vanities,
 Which me into Temptation thus hath brought,
 That I, instead of Wisdom, Folly sought.
 O that I were at Peace with thee, and could
 Truly lament my Sins, so manifold !

My

My Sins, which will, except thou grant Relief,
 O'erwhelm me with intolerable Grief.
 Awake, awake, my Soul, do not remain
 In Slothfulness and Sin; but turn again
 To him that made thee: Do not still transgress
 His holy Law, but, whilst he calls thee, cease
 From Evil, learn his Precepts, follow him,
 Who freely gave his Life thee to redeem
 From this vain World, from Sin and Slavery,
 That brings to endless Woe and Misery:
 He bought thee dear, with his most precious Blood,
 Shed on the Cross for thine and others Good.
 But, ah! how oft have I despis'd true Joys,
 And plac'd my Heart on transitory Toys?
 How oft did I the glorious Pearl refuse,
 Vile empty Husks, that nourish not, to chuse?
 Look down upon me, and commiserate,
 Most gracious Lord, my lamentable State;
 And tenderly lead thou me back again
 Into the Land of Promise, whence I came
 Into this Land of Darknes; where, alas!
 I thus was brought to Bondage and Distress:
 For, ah! thou King of Kings, if thou reject me,
Pharaoh's pursuing Host will soon afflict me,
 And if thou help me not in this Distress,
 Then shall I perish in the Wilderness.
 In what *Egyptian* Red-sea Streights am I?
 Whither, or to what Refuge, shall I fly,
 But unto thee? In whom alone I must
 Repose my Confidence, and chiefest Trust.
 Renew my Strength, dear Lord, that so I may
 O'ercome my great Temptations Day by Day;
 And so support my Soul, that I may bear
 The World's Revilings with a thankful Ear;

And that I truly may in thee rejoice,
 Great Spring of Life and Light, in Heart and Voice;
 Confessing thee, the only Saviour,
 Who sav'st thy People from the Dragon's Pow'r,
 And with thy Blood dost wash and purify
 Our Souls from all Sin and Iniquity :
 Who art indeed the good *Samaritan*,
 That cast an Eye of Pity on us, when
 The *Priest* pass'd by, and *Levite* turn'd aside,
 And, as it were, Relief and Help deny'd :
 But thou had Wine and Oil to purify,
 Supple and heal our grievous Malady.

Thou, thou alone, the true Physician art,
 The Consolation of a contrite Heart :
 Oh say, *Be whole* ; say likewise, *Sin no more*,
Left worse Afflictions happen than before :
 Say also, if it please thee, gracious Lord,
 Who what thou wilt, effectest by thy Word,
Thy Sin's forgiven, thy Iniquity
Is cover'd ; and beget true Faith in me,
 That I may praise thy Name eternally.

1664.

On GOD's LOVE.

THE King of Kings, the great Eternal One,
 Sent from his Bosom his beloved Son,
 Lost Man to seek, and to restore ag'in,
 From the most vile Captivity of Sin ;
 Who for our Sakes his Father's Throne forsook,
 And, as a Servant, freely on him took,

The

The Form of Man, and among Mortals came,
Yea, meekly bore the Cross, despis'd the Shame,
Walking on Earth amongst his chosen Ones,
The *Isra'lites*, beloved *Jacob's* Sons.
But they, rebelling in disdainful Pride,
Their King, their Saviour disown'd, deny'd,
Because he did not, to the sensual Eye,
Unveil his Glory and his Majesty.
The Rays that did around his Temples shine,
His Mein, his Speech, bespoke him all divine.
Yet this vain Off-spring did him still deny,
Accuse, condemn, degrade and crucify ;
Who patiently resign'd his Life, his Breath,
And, thro' his *Lamb-like* Sufferings, conquer'd Death.

Thus they with wicked Hands did crucify
The spotless Lamb, descended from on high :
Yet him they could not long i' th' Grave detain,
But with great Glory he arose again ;
Astonishing the Watchmen at the Tomb,
He, to their great Amazement, forth did come :
Which, when they to the Rulers did declare,
They charg'd them not to noise it in the Ear
Of the *Plebeian* Multitude ; but say,
That his Disciples stole him thence away,
While they slept in the Silence of the Night.
Thus seeking, by Deceit, to hide the Light
That then was dawning, to confound its Foes ;
But for a Leader, and a Guide, to those
That meekly waited for its Consolation ;
They have entail'd a Curse upon their Nation.

But *Isra'l's* Glory's surely broken forth,
Light to the *Gentiles*, shining in the North ;
As by the holy Prophet was foretold,
That in the latter Days th' Almighty would,

Call and bring forth a Seed out of the North,
 A then despised Corner of the Earth.
 Should we not now, in Lowliness of Mind,
 And true Contritedness, wholly be resign'd
 Unto his Will in all Things, who hath thus
 Extended his engaging Love to us,
 And tasted Death for us? Alas! who can
 Enough admire his boundless Love to Man!

1665.

Of this Age.

O How doth *England* now polluted lie,
 And deeply plunged in Iniquity!
 Are not her People brutish and so vain,
 That even as great Motives to complain
 And mourn for her, as for that City was,
 Through whose sad Streets our Saviour did pass,
 Bearing his Cross, may now be found? For they,
 As did the *Jews*, condemn the blessed Day
 Of Visitation; hate the heav'nly Light,
 That shines in Darknes; daily to despite
 Unto the only Author of all Good,
 And trample under Foot the precious Blood
 Of Holy Jesus, by the Father sent
 A just High-priest, a blessed Covenant,
 Unto the People: Him do they despise,
 And on their Beds do Wickedness devise
 Against the Just and Innocent; for they,
 That live uprightly, make themselves a Prey.
 Alas! both Priests and People now are bent,
 With one Accord, God's Heritage to rent:

But

But he observes them, and the Day draws near,
Wherein he'll surely meet them, as a Bear
Bereaved of her Whelps ; and then he'll take
Vengeance for his afflicted *Isr^{el}*'s Sake.
And though the Priests, Peace unto many cry,
They know not Peace ; but such as do deny
To feed them with the Fat, they rend and tare,
Like those of old ; yea, cruel War prepare
Against them. Thus, for all their Learning, they
Know not the Scripture-record (which doth say,
*Touch ye not mine Anointed, neither harm
My Prophets ; for I'll guard them with the Arm
Of my Salvation*) nor the Pow'r of God,
That will chastize, as with an Iron Rod,
The proud rebellious ones ; who shall be known
To be but Hirelings, whom he will not own.
These are they that for Gain do prophesy
Devices of their Brain, and speak a Lye
To People ; yet dare say, *Thus saith the Lord* ;
When as they do not rightly know his Word,
That's as a Fire and Hammer to destroy,
Consume, and batter down Iniquity.
People, observing Priests to count their Gain
Their Godliness, rush into all prophane
Abominations and Impurity ;
Counting Religion a meer Policy
To over-awe dull Souls, whilst some enjoy
All the Delights wherewith Earth can supply
Their soaring Fancies. Thus, alas ! they run
The Road to Ruin, swift to be undone :
If Heav'n prevent not with a gracious Hand,
They'll soon draw down sad Judgments on the
(Land.

On the fruitless Fig-Tree.

THE Fig-Tree, tho' it flourish'd, did afford
 No Fruit, as was expected by the Lord ;
 Therefore 'twas curs'd, did wither and decay,
 No Fruit producing from that very Day.
 But unto Mankind, O most gracious Lord !
 Great are the Mercies which thou dost afford ;
 Tho' slothfully they hide, sometimes deny,
 The Talents given by thy Majesty :
 Thou dost not in thine Indignation thus
 Pass so severe a Sentence upon us ;
 Although we, of ourselves, so barren be,
 And oft more fruitless than that blooming Tree,
 Thou prun'st us, and with sweet refreshing Show'rs,
 Art pleas'd oft to renew our weakned Pow'rs :
 Yea, long thou spar'st us ; and at length, who proves
 Fruitful thou cherishes, and freely loves.
 But if thy great Forbearance, Lord, should be
 As 'twere frustrated by a fruitless Tree,
 Thou justly may the Vine-dresser require
 To cut it down and cast it in the Fire :
 Though there was frequent Intercession made,
 As when the Dressers of the Vineyard said,
Lord, let us try it yet another Year,
And then if any Fruit thereon appear,
'Tis well Forbearance hath thereto been shewn ;
If otherwise, 'tis Time to cut it down.
 When thus the Lord hath long Time Fruit expected
 From Men, and yet is carelessly rejected ;
Though

Though waiting still, he's pleas'd to condescend
Line upon Line, with Patience to extend ;
And Precept upon Precept did dispense ;
And likewise promis'd a sure Recompence
Of durable Reward, eternal Joy,
To those that ceasing from Iniquity,
Would unto his most sacred Will resign
Themselves, and all : Then would he with divine,
Sweet heav'nly Show'rs bedew, and always bless
Them, that they might be Trees of Righteousness.
But if such should resist, they'll come to be
Like Heath i' th' Desert, or the fruitless Tree :
And if against them the Decree be seal'd,
To cut them down, how can it be repeal'd ?
Ah ! prize the present Day of Visitation,
And dare not to provoke his Indignation :
That, through Distillings of his heav'nly Love,
You fertile Plants unto his Praise may prove.

1666.

On Israel's Rebellion.

O House of *Israel*, why will ye die ?
O House of *Israel*, why shall not I
Be King o'er you ? Said the Eternal One,
When their Rebellions came before his Throne,
Rouzing his Justice : Why do ye refuse
Me to be King, another King to chuse ?
Incline your Ear, and hearken to my Voice,
Lest you too late repent your hasty Choice :
Have I not gather'd you, that ye might be ?
A pure peculiar People unto me ?

Did

Did I not bring you out of *Egypt's* Land,
 And set you free from *Pharaoh's* cruel Hand ?
 Did I not guide you safely through the Sea,
 Leading you with a glorious Cloud by Day,
 And with a Pillar of bright Fire by Night,
 Conducted you in pleasant Paths of Light ?
 Did I not *Jordan's* flowing Streams divide,
 Whilst you pass'd dry-shod to the further Side ?
 Yea, without human Art, I caus'd to fall,
 Down to the Ground, proud *Jericho's* high Wall.
 Could any mortal Prince do thus for you ?
 I gave you Being, Life and Conquest too.
 Why do you then rebel against your God ?
 Do you not fear him, nor his Iron rod ?
 Remember how, in Love, I nourished
 Thee, like a tender Child, with Angels Bread ;
 With Water from the Rock I did supply thee,
 Altho' I knew 'twas good sometimes to try thee :
 Thine Enemies I did for thee subdue,
 Yea, great and mighty Kings I overthrew,
 When they oppress'd or oppos'd thee :
 But, ah, what Guile, or what Iniquity,
 Have your Fore-fathers ever found in me ?
 Or in my righteous Statutes ? Yet have they
 Delighted rather in a crooked Way,
 Than in my Law ; whose Path is perfect Light,
 In which the Wise and Prudent take Delight.
 Though they perversly often turn'd aside,
 As you their Children, who have now deny'd
 Me to be King : 'Tis me that you forsake,
 To chuse a Mortal, who will from you take
 Your Sons and Daughters for his Offices,
 For Horsemen, Cooks, and other Services ;

Your

Your Vineyards, Fields, Cattle, and other Treasure,
 As he thinks fit, he'll call for at his Pleasure.
 Stiff-necked People are ye then, to chuse
 Man for your King, but stubbornly refuse
 Me, your Creator, that ye may thereby
 Be like your Neighbours; whose Idolatry
 You also dote upon: Though my Command
 Was to destroy the Idols of the Land;
 Which to extirpate utterly, I did
 All Converse and Affinity forbid
 With those Inhabitants; whom therefore I,
 Since they the Land with gross Iniquity
 Had long defil'd, determin'd to expel,
 And give them for a Prey to *Israel*,
 To root them out, not imitate: For they,
 By ill Example, soon would lead astray
 From my pure Precepts. Yet you rather be
 Inclined to hearken unto such than me,
 And t'imitate the Nations round about ye, (ye.
 Who, should I but withdraw, would quickly rout
 Take now your Choice; but know, the time will be,
 In your Afflictions, ye will seek to me: (you,
 For they will prove as Thorns to vex and grieve
 And there is none but I that can relieve you;
 For 'tis not Man can give you Victory
 O'er your Opposers; no, 'tis only I.
 And had you still obey'd my just Command,
 I'd quite expell'd your Foes from out the Land.

Meditations in Trouble.

O How is my distressed Soul perplext
 With overwhelming Sorrows ! Ah, how vext
 With daily Troubles, hurry'd to and fro !
 I know not where to stay, or where to go,
 To find some Ease, or to avoid my Grief ;
 From this false World I cannot find Relief.
 Alas ! alas ! that which afflicteth me,
 Is Thoughts, how I have oft rejected thee,
 Most gracious Lord, when thou invitedst me,
 With other weary'd ones to give us Rest,
 And Consolation at thy tender Breast.
 But, ah ! incline thine Ear to this my Cry,
 Grant me thy quick'ning Presence, or I die.
 Though in Obscurity I have been hid,
 And as in crooked Paths oft wandered ;
 Some Glimpse of Light is surely broken in,
 Which gives to see the Loathsomeness of Sin :
 Yea, through thy Goodness, I begin to know
 Thou'rt rich in Mercy, and to Anger flow :
 Lord, speak the Word, that so I may be heal'd,
 Knowing thy holy Life in me reveal'd.
 Ah, let thy heav'nly Fear always in me
 Abound, Salvation is alone of thee.
 For, tho' thy righteous Law I have transgress'd,
 And oft despised Knowledge like the Beast,
 That hath no Understanding ; thou dost please
 T'engage thyself, that if a Sinner cease
 From his past Wickedness, and fervently
 Do unto thee, great King, for Mercy cry,

So that thy holy Precepts he obey,
 And walk sincerely in thy living Way;
 Thou, by thy Prophet, Lord, wert please to give
 Thy princely Word, *He shall not die, but live.*
 Encouraged hereby, my panting Soul
 Cries unto thee, that thou would'st make me whole;
 Thou only Author of true living Faith,
 That hath subdu'd the Power of Hell and Death,
 And overcome the World: Ah, lighten me,
 That I may know thy Way, and follow thee:
 Bearing the daily Cross, and find the Power,
 Which is to the Redeem'd a Refuge-tower;
 And so enjoy eternal Peace with thee,
 Thou taking up thy bless'd Abode with me,
 That I may sing thy Praise eternally.

A Meditation.

THough Zion sits in Misery,
 And doth in Ashes mourn,
 And all her Foes as they pass by,
 Do her deride and scorn.
 Though like the spotless turtle Dove,
 That in the Rock doth dwell,
 'Wailing the Absence of her Love,
 Whose Grief no Tongue can tell.
 Though for a Season thus she may
 Sit, like a Widow poor
 And desolate, there is a Day
 When she shall grieve no more.

Though

Though yet she mourn, lament and weep,
 To see her Children dear
 To wander, like poor scatter'd Sheep,
 Through Desarts far and near :
 Hourly in Danger to be torn,
 By Tyger, Wolf or Bear,
 As they are seeking to return
 Unto their Mother dear.
 Yet those that would these Sheep annoy,
 Let them for certain know,
 They shall not, if such them destroy,
 Long unrewarded go.
 Ere long this Cloud of Misery
 Shall vanish quite away ;
 She, that sat in Obscurity,
 Shall see a glorious Day.
 Then shall her tyrannizing Foes
 Receive just Punishment,
 Who did her Children dear expose
 T' Exile and Banishment.
 These shall return to her again,
 With sacred Songs of Joy ;
 But those shall roar and howl for Pain,
 And to the Mountains cry,
 Fall on us, hide us from the Wrath
 Of the Lamb's Anger, and
 Which he against us justly hath
 Sent forth : For who can stand
 When he appears ? Sure only those
 That know his blessed Power
 T' surround and guard them from their Foes,
 As in a Refuge-tower.

1668.

On PETER.

Could *Peter*, unto whom the watchful Cock
Was as a Sign, be that abiding Rock,
And firm Foundation, whereupon the Lord,
According to his never-failing Word, (Hell
Would build his Church, 'gainst which the Gates of
Should not prevail? For *Christ* himself would dwell
Ev'n in the Midst of her: Can these Things be,
And *Peter* so prevail'd against? For he
Did after this yield to th' Infirmary
Of Flesh and Blood; and so, for Fear, deny
His Lord and Master: Till his Master's Look
Pierced his Heart; and yet Compassion took
On weeping *Peter*: But the heav'nly Pow'r
Abides, that shew'd him clearly in that Hour,
Jesus to be the Son of God, the Christ.
Though *Gog* and *Magog* study to resist
This Rock of Ages, all their Strength shall fail;
For against this, Hell-gates shall ne'er prevail:
Nor shall the Faith or Hope e'er be confounded,
That is on this abiding Basis grounded.
Would Man be safe against the Storms of Hell?
Then build upon this Rock of *Israel*.

A Meditation

A Meditation in Affliction.

O Gracious Lord ! thou only King of Kings,
 Who only saving Health and Comfort brings
 To the Afflicted, that in Faith do cry
 To thee : 'Tis thou canst heal each Malady ;
 Thou a Physician of Physicians art,
 And of thy Mercies freely dost impart
 Unto thy Creatures, who have none but thee
 To hope for Help from, in their Misery.
 O thou that to the Blind restored Sight,
 Capacitating to behold the Light,
 Which makes Things manifest, whereby we may
 Walk without stumbling, and not loose our Way :
 Who likewise didst the dumb Man's Tongue unty,
 That he might speak thy Name to magnify ;
 The Dead reviv'dst, the Bury'd rais'd again,
 Strengthened the Ankle-bones, whereby the Lame
 Leap'd as an Hart : Thy Pow'r is still the same. }
 O thou that art the God of Love alone ! (Throne ;
 Look down, look down, from thy most gracious
 Have Mercy on me, ease me from my Grief,
 And grant unto thy Hand-maid some Relief ;
 Hold forth thy righteous Scepter, and say, *Live* ;
 'Tis thou alone that canst my Sins forgive :
 Speak but the Word, and my—Infirmities
 Shall soon be heal'd. — Ah ! heal my feeble Eyes,
 Of Soul and Body, Lord, that I may see,
 Thy heav'nly Light, and learn to follow thee ;
 And in thy Fear spend my remaining Days,
 To tell thy Goodness, and to sing—thy Praise.

On the Sight of a Skull.

BEhold, ambitious Lump of Clay refin'd,
Thy Epilogue ; see, see to what design'd !
So soon as thou wert born, so soon as Air,
Affords thee Breath, thy Vitals to repair ;
So soon as thy small feeble embrion Breast,
Is of an active Power, unknown, possess'd ;
So soon thou mayst expect the dreadful Day,
When thou once more must be reduc'd to Clay ;
And the whole Fabrick of thy Body must,
Again be brought to its first nothing, Dust :
Then shall those Eyes, those crystal Eyes of thine,
Which now, like sparkling Diamonds do shine,
Their little Chambers circular forsake,
And them to Essence more obscure betake ;
The tender Funnel of thy Nose, must thence
Corroded be, and lose its smelling Sense ;
And all the Volume of thy Face will be
So chang'd, none may thereby remember thee :
Therefore the Hopes of all terrestrial Glory,
Is frivolous, and vain, and transitory.
Ah then, what Cause hast thou, presumptuous Man,
To boast thyself ? Whereon, alas, where can,
Thy vain Ambition build a Trophy now ?
What Cause hath Majesty upon that Brow
T'enthrone itself ? Which must ere long become
A thread-bare Skull, a simple naked Bone ?
Therefore, whoe'er thou be, that *dreads* this strange,
To Flesh and Blood, this doleful, certain Change,

E

Let

Let it be thy Concern, in holy Fear,
 To pass the Time of thy Sojourning here,
 In pure Obedience to that heavenly Pow'r,
 Who, when he pleaseth, can to Life restore
 And give thy Soul assured Satisfaction,
 In him, who is our Life and Resurrection,
 To rest with him ; whereby the Dread and Fear,
 That doth so frequently in some appear, (Mind,
 When Thoughts of this great Change doth rise in
 Are vanish'd and dispell'd ; they inward find
 Such hearty Resignation, they can sing,
Grave, where's thy Victory ? Death, where's thy Sting ?
 Sin, Death's sad Sting, must therefore conquer'd be,
 Before poor Man this joyful Day can see :
 Then, being call'd, we freely may lay down
 This transitory Life, to gain a Crown
 Of Life eternal, with the Prince of Peace,
 Where all Affliction shall for ever cease.
 Then, having put on Immortality,
 Our Souls shall praise his Name eternally.

1669.

A Meditation.

O Who would think it such a Task to find
 A vigilant and truly stable Mind !
 Low center'd down in that eternal Light,
 Which, with its Brightness, drives away the Night
 Of gross *Egyptian* Darkness, that it may,
 Like pleasant *Phosphor*, usher in the Day.
 Alas, what Heart can rightly comprehend,
 The Soul-amazing Conflicts that attend

All

All that begin to travel towards Zion,
How they're opposed by the roaring Lion,
That goes about, still seeking to destroy,
And hinder from true everlasting Joy.
Ah, none but those that walk the narrow Way,
Can see the Snares laid to entice astray,
And draw aside from that protecting Pow'r,
Which only can preserve them in the Hour
Of great Temptation. Ah, thrice happy they
That know the Sheepfold, where they safely may
Lie down secure, and need not be afraid
Of any Beast of Prey, that would invade
The *touching Lambs*, whose Shepherd never sleeps,
But, as an Army, them securely keeps:
Here may they Pasture sweetly, safely, bless'd;
But from this Fold there is no Place of Rest.

1669.

On the Parable of the Ten Virgins.

TRUTH pleas'd to say, *Ten Virgins typify*
The heav'nly Kingdom's sacred Mystery.
Ten Virgins, and but five were counted wise:
Tho' all, alas! inclin'd to slumbering Eyes,
Both wise and foolish; yet the King discern'd
Who were his faithful Ones, for they had learn'd
To be prepar'd, and in their Vessels they
Had taken Oil, and labour'd in the Day,
And furnish'd their Lamps; that in the Night,
The Bridegroom coming suddenly, they might
Find Favour and Admittance in to see
The sacred nuptial Joys; as also be

Happy Partakers of the same : When they
 That foolish were, and idly slept away
 Their precious Time, not having Oil, must go
 To buy ; but then, too late returning to
 The Door, they find it shut ; where, tho' they cry,
Lord open to us ! Ah, the sad Reply
 Will be, *I know you not ; depart from me,*
Ye foolish Workers of Iniquity.
 Then may they wander, destitute of Light,
 In horrid Darkness of perpetual Night.

Now, you that would be number'd with the *Wise*,
 Take heed of sleeping in Formalities ;
 Lest ye forget the Oil, the Life of Light,
 And so be unprepared in the Night :
 For, though you imitate the Wise, and bear
 A Shew of Lamps, there can no Light appear,
 If Oil be wanting. O redeem your Time !
 Have Oil in th' Vessel, that your *Lamps* may shine ;
 Lest, if it be to seek, when 'tis too late,
 Such may in vain stand knocking at the Gate,
 But find no Entrance : Therefore watch to hear
 The midnight Cry, *Arise, prepare, prepare*
To meet the Bridegroom ; 'tis the Wise that shall
 Be entertain'd, that waited for the Call,
 And in their Vessels kept the Oil for Light ;
 Such were in Readiness, and therefore might
 Have free Access unto the Marriage-feast,
 And with a chearful Heart, sit down and taste ;
 Yea, feed and drink thereat abundantly,
 Having the Wedding-garment on, whereby
 They read their *welcome* in the *Bridegroom's Eye.*
 True durable Delights do then abound,
 Salvation, as a Bulwark, doth surround

These

These highly favoured Ones ; who therefore sing
Praise to the Bridegroom, *Zion's* blessed King.

1669.

A Meditation.

THE Lord, the Lord of Hosts, is *Zion's* King,
Who dwells i'th' midst of her, & she shall sing
High Praises to his Name ; knowing his Word
Her only Law, to which, with one Accord,
Her Children hearken : Tho' she once did mourn,
She shall rejoice ; although she was the Scorn
Of Nations, he'll exalt her as the Crown
Of all the Earth, because she is his own.
Then shall *Jerusalem* be known to be
The bright, but tender Apple of his Eye ;
And all that touch her, to afflict or grieve her,
Shall feel a fiery Dart struck thro' their Liver :
Her Children are a chosen Generation ;
Jerusalem shall be an Habitation
Of Peace and Quietness ; for she shall be,
By her victorious Lord and King, kept free
From all Invasion ; and her glorious Light,
Which never more can be surpriz'd by Night,
Is Heaven's great Lord, against whom none can stand,
The Son of Righteousness ; whose glorious Hand
Is *Zion's* Shield, Salvation is her Wall
And fenced Bulwarks, which can never fall,
By Force of batt'ring Rams, or Cannon-shot,
For their great Founder's always on the Spot,
And never can be shaken, but shall be
Invincible to all Eternity.

And through her Gates, each of a Pearl entire,
 Whose dazzling Splendor justly may require
 Our humble Admiration, are by Day
 Open to all that walk in Zion's Way ;
 That which defileth, or that is impure,
 Or loves, or makes a Lye, cannot endure
 To enter there ; the Fire consumes all Dross :
 The only Way therein is through the Cross.
 Her Streets, where her Inhabitants do pass,
 Are bright as Gold, or like transparent Glass :
 Hither the Lamb conducts his chosen Ones,
 To reign with him, and sit on glorious Thrones ;
 There to behold, for ever, Face to Face,
 The heavenly King, who giveth *Grace for Grace*,
 With princely Privilege, to take and eat
Life's pleasant Fruit, which Man at first might take ;
 Which ev'ry Month brings forth a new Supply,
 Whose precious Leaves shall heal each Malady
 Among the Nations, that there may remain
 Not one infirm, or blemish'd with a Stain.
 The saving Health of Nations dwelleth here,
 Where the Redeemed serve him without Fear ;
 Keeping th' eternal Sabbath-day of Rest,
 With great *Emanuel*, for ever bless'd.
 The Crytal River streaming from the Throne
 Of pure unblemish'd Glory, (whereupon
 The Lord God, and the Lamb immaculate,
 In Mercy reigns) refreshing ev'ry State,
 Here sweetly flows ; and also, Proclamation
 Is made to ev'ry Kindred, Tongue and Nation,
*If any thirst, let the poor Soul repair
 Unto this Fountain, for Salvation's there :*
Come, saith the Spirit : Come, the Bride doth say ;
Why in a Land of Drought should any stay ?
Come,

Come, all that thirst, come, drink abundantly,
 These Soul-refreshing Streams of Purity :
 This is the blessed River, that makes glad
 The Heritage of God, as David said ;
 For this doth through the holy City flow,
 And on its Banks the Tree of Life doth grow :
 No cursed Thing is in this City found,
 But perfect Peace, and heav'nly Joys abound,
 Because the Righteous reigns ; whose Servants all
 Praise him incessantly ; the Elders shall
 Cast down their Crowns before his pure white Throne,
 And say, All Praise, all Honour, and Renown,
 Belongs to thee ; who, by the living Word,
 Created us for thy own Pleasure, Lord.
 1670.

On NADAB and ABIHU.

WERE these the High-Priests Heirs, that did begin
 In Sacrifice to perpetrate a Sin
 So capital, so dreadful, to provoke
 Offended Justice, to inflict a Stroke
 So terrible, as to destroy at once
 Two of th' anointed Priests, the High-Priest's Sons,
 For offering Sacrifice ; yea, Incense, when
 They hop'd to purchase Favour, but in vain ?
 'Tis not Presumption in the carnal Will,
 That finds Acceptance ; nor can this fulfil
 The sacred Precepts of the highest King.
 But rather sad and dreadful Judgments bring
 Upon the Heads of them, whose Confidence
 In Self produceth such a bold Offence,

As in an adding to the Law of God,
 To such he'll add his Plagues ; his Iron Rod
 Shall fore afflict them. 'Tis his Word alone
 Must be the Law ; in his beloved Son
 Is he well pleas'd ; him only all should hear,
 And feel their Hearts abound with holy Fear ;
 Not taught by carnal Precepts, Man's Tradition,
 Or a Self-will, but where a true Submission
 Is known ; the Author of our Faith doth here,
 In th' humble Heart, beget true Son-like Fear ;
 Such dare not pass the Limit of Command,
 Lest he say, *Who requir'd it at your Hand ?*
 For he to whom, of his abundant Grace,
 The great Eternal One spoke Face to Face,
 Who knew what he requir'd, then testifi'd,
Thus saith the Lord, I will be sanctifi'd
By them that do approach to me ; for I,
As with Refiner's Fire will purify
The Sons of Levi. Therefore all in Fear,
 Must with a broken contrite Heart draw near
 To *Israel's* God ; this is the Sacrifice
 Which he hath promis'd never to despise.

On CHARITY.

WHAT a sublime, celestial Mystery,
 Is couch'd in this obscure Name, *Charity* !
 So frequent in the Mouths of most, but known,
 To few, save in the empty Sound alone ;
 Else it would teach us how to sympathize
 One with another in Infirmities.

This

This mourns with those that mourn, and, to their
 Studies, in Kindness, to impart Relief : (Grief,
 This bearing all Things, and suspecteth none ;
 This seeks another's Good, ev'n as its own ;
 Never rejoicing in Iniquity,
 For 'tis true Love to Friend, to Enemy ;
 Desiring more to veil, to hide and cover,
 Than to disclose the Weakness of a Brother ;
 And, with a Garment, hides a Multitude
 Of Faults, that Enmity may not intrude:
 But this, with Lynx-ey'd Passion cannot rest,
 Nor long cohabit in the self-same Breast ;
 One's mild and gentle, apt to condescend ;
 The other's preevish with a Bosom Friend :
 One joys in that most, that offendeth none ;
 The other seeks to please itself alone :
 The one fulfils the Law in all Respects ;
 The other, Law and Gospel both rejects.

Now, are not all engag'd to entertain
 The gentle Nature ? Not alone the Name
 Of *Charity* ; which, keeping Residence
 Within the Bosom, may exile from thence
 All Peace disturbing Passion, and restrain
 Insulting Self, that she alone may reign,
 This would incline all Hearts to a serene
 Calmness, and to a condescending Frame
 Of Spirit ; still rejoicing to dispence
 Favours to all, in true Benevolence ;
 Not in Ambition, or Formality,
 To be applauded by a mortal Eye.
 Restless Distrust, and haughty-ey'd Disdain,
 Envy, that frets and gnaws itself in vain,
 At others Happiness, with Discontent,
 Which doth, in any State, true Peace prevent,
 And

And self-tormenting Rage, with fierce Revenge,
Which often heaves the Senses off the Hinge
Of Reason ; all (where this prevails) are gone,
Dispers'd like Mists before the rising Sun :
For Wars and Strife, where this inhabits, cease ;
And she confirms the Mind in lasting Peace.

1675.

Contemplation.

GREAT God, arise, that so thine Enemies
May be dispers'd, as Clouds when th'Sun doth
Thou King of Kings, who only must expel (rise !
Th'intruding Foe, that in the Heart doth dwell,
Which is thy proper Right, who didst create
It for thy Service : Teach us, Lord, to wait
For thine Appearance in Sincerity ;
To know thee first to judge, then justify
The Meek, the broken contrite Heart : 'Tis thou
That teachest rightly to thy Name to bow ;
For none can bow acceptably, or call
Thee Jesus, *Lord* ; (tho' thou art Lord of all,
Both Heaven and Earth) but by thy holy Spirit ;
Whereby we come, through Mercy, to inherit
Thy princely Favours ; and not only know
To call thee truly *Lord*, but *Father* too.
What ! tho' Man in Externals may conform,
And seemingly from his Pollutions turn ;
Yet to subdue and regulate the Will,
Is thy own Work, surpassing human Skill ;
Poor wretched Man, tho' he thy Power resist,
Cannot return unto thee when he list,

Without

Without thy Help ; since his depraved Will
Is so averse to Good, so prone to Ill :
Except he be, by thy redeeming Power,
Set free, and taught to know the Refuge-tower :
Then neither *Winds* nor *Waves*, nor *stormy Weather*,
(Although with Fury all conspire together,
T'assault and ruate the House that's founded,
And on the Rock is deep and firmly grounded)
Can overthrow it : Here's a Fortress sure,
Which will against all Batteries endure ;
Here may we find a Captain will defend,
Whom all dear *Zion's* Foes cannot withstand.
Lord, since Salvation is alone from thee,
From Self-destruction, Woe and Misery,
Teach us to wait to feel thy conquering Love,
Within our yielding Bosoms, freely move.
To quicken, heal, and strengthen us ; that we
May, through thy Goodness, rise and follow thee :
Believing, there is none but thee that can
Crown with Perfection this thy Work in Man ;
And give Access before thy royal Throne,
Where perfect Peace and Joy in thee is known :
Then holy Thanks and Praises shall ascend
To thee, who to our Grief dost put an End.

1676.

A Meditation.

A Meditation in Retirement.

O That my Mind was center'd where it ought,
Entirely freed from all distracted Thought,
Vain wandring Thoughts, that crowd within my
Do oft obstruct my Soul from solid Rest ; (*Breast*,
And like to vagrant Clouds obscure the Mind,
Which should to serious Watching be inclin'd :
Ah ! rise thou Son of Righteousness, thy Light
Can soon dispel the Gloominess of Night :
Appear, appear, let thy victorious Ray,
And long'd for Presence, still renew the Day :
Whereby my slumbering Eyes may wake and see
The dawning Morning of Felicity,
Still more and more break forth to perfect Day,
Whose heavenly Light guides in the blessed Way,
That leads to thy renowned holy Hill ;
Where true Obedience to thy sacred Will,
Makes glad the Hearts of thy redeemed Ones,
Who know the Comfort of adopted Sons,
And can sing Praises to that glorious Hand,
Which rais'd 'em up, and taught 'em how to stand,
To walk and run the pleasant Paths of Peace,
Rejoicing in true Joys that never cease.

1677.

On the Vanity of the World.

HOW long shall empty Toys possess the Mind,
Which should to solid Joys be more inclin'd!
What true Content can spring t'immortal Souls
From Riches, that take Wings, or lurk in Holes!
Thereby deluding those who seem t' possess
Them; but excluding from the Happiness,
Which, in right Use of them, might be enjoy'd;
So in th' Abuse their Hearts are more employ'd,
Hoping to find therein a true Content
Unto the Mind: Yet nothing permanent
Can e'r be found in fading Vanity;
Such Hopes are crown'd at last with Misery.
Shall then the seeming Beauty of this Thing
So disingage from Duty to the King
Of Glory, who alone should rule in Man? (then
The Heart shall be his Throne: Shall these Things
So sway the Mind, that Mortals should thereby
Be thus inclin'd to dote on Vanity,
Rather than to adore their Maker, and
Fall down before him, at his just Command.
May he be their Delight and Joy alone,
For everlasting Life in him is known:
Whereas the Love of transient Objects here,
Doth often prove a Soul deluding Snare,
To hold them fast, as in Captivity:
Until at last, for their Iniquity,
They come to find themselves in this sad State,
Their Minds tormented, and their Joys t'abate.
Should

Should any then employ his Time, his Labour,
To gain a fading Toy, and lose the Favour
Of his Creator ! Who, with tender Love,
Doth as a Father, visit from above,
And gently call unto himself, that he
Might ransom all to perfect Liberty :
Yet might we use needful Enjoyments here,
Without Abuse, in holy Dread and Fear.
These outward Things should not possess the Mind,
That to the King of Kings should be resign'd.
And he perswades to leave Things transitory,
Yea, freely leads to never-fading Glory ;
Come then, embrace the Crown that's set before }
ye. }

1677.

A Contemplation.

HOW amiable is thy Presence, Lord !
O how desirable thy holy Word !
Though as a Fire or Hammer it appear,
To burn and batter down whatever's dear
To sinful Flesh and Blood, thy Judgments be
Exceeding sweet and pleasant unto me :
For *Zion's* Children are redeem'd thereby,
And purifi'd from their Iniquity ;
Yea, everlasting Righteousness brought in,
Her Converts ransom'd from ensnaring Sin ;
And thy Salvation is hereby reveal'd
More near, and thy great Mysteries unseal'd,
When Judgment is brought forth to Victory,
That thine may walk with thee in Purity.
Ah, teach us daily patiently to wait,
In holy Awe, to know this happy State
Confirm'd and seal'd unto us, that we may
Reign with the Lamb in the Eternal Day ;
Then may we, to the Praise of *Zion's* King,
A Song of Judgment and of Mercy sing.

A Meditation.

A Meditation.

O Keep me in thy Fear, thou All in All,
That I may always hearken to thy Call,
And answer thy Commands : If thou say, *Come,*
Or *Go,* I with a willing Mind may run
The Paths of thy pure Precepts ; that I may
Still know thy Presence in thy living Way.
Ah, guide me by thy bright enam'ring Eye !
Wherein sweet Mildness, mixt with Majesty,
So overcomes my Soul, that, ah ! my Heart
Thus wounded, loves to feel so sweet a Smart :
'Tis thou alone that wounds, and gently heals ;
Thou kills, and everlasting Life reveals
Unto the Dead that hear thy Voice ; they live
To bless thy Name, and living Praises give
Unto thy Life-restoring Word ; whereby
Thine are set free from their Iniquity,
To live and reign with thee, whose Pow'r alone
Works Wonders : Weakness wholly is our own ;
But Strength invincible is thine, great King !
Thou living Fountain, whence all Comforts spring ;
Ah ! teach me fervently to wait to see
Salvation and Deliverance wrought for me ;
That all Thanksgiving may to thee redound,
Who art with everlasting Glory crown'd.

On T R U T H.

TRUTH in the inward Part is my Delight,
To meditate therein both Day and Night,
And feel its pure enliv'ning Power in me,
Surmount all Pleasure that on Earth can be
Enjoy'd by Mortals : Ah, this is alone
More precious than the Diadem or Throne
Of *Egypt's* Land ! O how my Soul admires it,
And in the Secret of my Heart desires it,
Above all transitory fading Things !
For this alone true Satisfaction brings
To the immortal Soul ; then how can I,
But, in true Meekness and Humility,
Bow down before the glorious Majesty,
And Supplication make, that this may be
Abundantly each Day reveal'd in me
By th' Holy Ghost ; that so a contrite Heart
May be prepar'd, by *Truth* in th' inward Part,
And offer'd up a living Sacrifice
Unto the Lord, who never will despise
A truly humble, broken, contrite Heart,
Because he loves *Truth* in the inward Part :
Who can but prize it ! For th' Eternal Love
Distils sweet Show'rs of Blessings from above,
Into the Heart, where this abides and dwells ;
Which, with its heav'nly Lustre, far excels
All oriental Gems : The Rubies rare,
Or sparkling Diamonds, may not compare,
Or be esteem'd with this ; its Worth exceeds
Them all, as *Sharon's* Rose all noisome Weeds

In aromatick Fragrancy transcends ;
 And as by sacred Influence extends
 A spicy Sweetness to what's touch'd thereby,
 And tinctures with a sacred Sympathy ;
 As when one formerly was pleas'd to knock,
 T' awake his Love, the Handles of the Lock,
 Embalm'd with Droppings of sweet *smelling Myrrh*,
 Stream'd with a Virtue, that enamour'd her,
 Who 'rose to open to him, so that she
 Was wounded deep, O sacred Sympathy !
 Nor could she rest till seeking far and near,
 Her best Beloved did again appear.

This is that princely Lover, that inspires
 The Hearts of Mankind with such pure Desires
 After himself : And those that be affected
 With Love sincere, the World must be rejected
 By such, for their Beloved's Sake ; for he
 A perfect Recompence to them will be,
 Love can admit no Rivals ; they must choose
 But one, and when the other quite refuse :
 For he that loves *Truth* in the inward Part,
 Ought to be sole Possessor of the Heart ;
 Then in this Pilgrimage he'll grant a Guide
 Unto their Steps, lest they should turn aside ;
 Even this for ever blessed *Truth* within,
 Which, as the Light, doth first discover Sin ;
 Then, as it is obey'd, the Heart and Mind
 Hereby comes to be cleansed and refin'd
 (As Gold refined in the Fire from Dross)
 From all Pollutions ; and upon the Cross
 The Enmity is slain, and holy Awe,
 With true Submission to the royal Law,
 Springs in its stead ; thus Sin and Wickedness
 Cast out and conquer'd, perfect Righteousness

Is then brought in, whereby Salvation is
Reveal'd, with Earnest of eternal Bliss.
Thus Man's redeem'd unto a blessed State,
That was become lost and degenerate,
Through Disobedience to that sacred Law,
Enjoin'd to Man at first, thereby to draw
To sole Dependance on the chiefest Good,
Who granted him the *Tree of Life* for Food,
Till he transgress'd; but then Man presently
Became a Slave to Sin and Vanity.
So as by Disobedience in that Day,
Man, hearkening to the Serpent, lost his Way
In Death's dark Region; if his pensive Mind
Begins sincerely, by some Glimpse inclin'd,
T' obey the Light of Life, he comes to be
Redeem'd from Death and Darkness, and set free;
Free from Captivity of Sin and Death,
To serve the Lord of Life, who gave him Breath,
Yea, Life and Being; and when e'er he pleaseth
But to with-hold his Power, the Creature ceaseth
To move: In him alone is Life and Love,
In whom the Righteous always live and move,
As led by this pure, holy, blessed *Truth*,
The inward Word, the Guide of Age and Youth.
For by this may a young Man cleave his Way;
And to the Aged, 'tis their Strength and Stay;
This surely is the goodly Pearl of Price;
And this is *Mary's* well approved Choice:
This is the hidden Treasure that doth lie
So undiscerned by the carnal Eye;
Which, whosoever finds, and selleth all
To purchase, though at first it seem but small
Unto the worldly Wise, yet shall it be
A good Inheritance eternally.

Contemplation.

MY Life, my Love, my Joy,
 Who can enough admire
 The sweetning Influence
 Of *Shiloh's* Stream, from whence
 Virtue abounds unto thy Plants, whereby
 The *Lily* sprouts, free from the choaking Briar ;
 Thy *Trees* do likewise bring forth Fruit, & flourish,
 To th' Praise of thee, who dost both prune and
 (cherish.

The Time that is employ'd,
 In holy Meditation
 Of thy prevailing Love,
 Engaging from above
 The upright Heart, (wherein it is enjoy'd)
 In humble Fear, and sacred Admiration,
 Is best improv'd ; for this indeed doth tend
 To true Content and Peace, World without End.
 1678.

The Retreat, a Meditation.

THOU only Solace of a panting Soul,
Let not Earth's interposing Mists controul
The earnest Breathing of my Heart, and veil
Thy Beauty over-long, lest Doubts prevail :
Yet gently teach me always to submit
To what Chastisement thou, my Lord, think'st fit ;
That a more intimate Acquaintance may
With thee be known, and thy eternal Day
Shine forth as when the *Moon's* Light must become,
As the bright quick'ning Lustre of the *Sun* ;
And so the Splendor of the Sun increase
As the united Light of seven Days.
Ah then, what Cause of Stumbling can there be
To the redeemed Souls, that follow thee
In true unfeigned Love ! Thou only art
Worthy to have sole Interest in the Heart :
'Tis thou alone, who dost our Foes subdue,
And, with kind Invitations long pursue
Rebellious Souls, too apt to turn aside,
Or to forget thy Kindness, if thou hide
Thy Face a little ; or like *Israel*,
When *Moses* tarry'd in the Mount, rebel :
For, ah, distrustful Thoughts do presently
Object the sad Impossibility
Of finding thee again, whereby we might
Be overwhelmed in *Egyptian* Night ;
And with our borrow'd Jewels, form and make
A golden Calf, and wretchedly forsake,

For new Inventions, thy most righteous Law,
 If Moses for a Season should withdraw ;
 Willing and running to our own Destruction,
 When we should wait on thee to gain Instruction.
 Ah, let thy tender Care preserve and keep
 Us, with an Eye that is not apt to sleep,
 But always guards thy little Heritage,
 From all their Adversaries, in this Age,
 As formerly ; though the Unfaithful are
 Often surpriz'd, and cast into a Snare :
 But tho' thou try'st thy true depending Ones,
 Thou still protect'st them as beloved Sons.
 Ah, prove me, but support me ; my Desire
 Is, with resigned Will to pass the Fire
 Of Trials and Afflictions, till thereby
 I be refin'd from all Impurity.
 For those whom thou hast throughly purify'd,
 And in the Furnace of Afflictions try'd,
 Thou bear'st up in the Arms of thy Salvation,
 And suckles at the Breast of Consolation,
 That they may speak thy Praise, and run the Way
 Of Life and Peace, in thy eternal Day.

1678.

The first EPISTLE to Cousin F. R.

MY Heart, *dear Cousin*, thy eternal Good
 Truly desires, and that Life's saving Food
 Thy Soul may taste and feed upon ; that so
 Thou mayst unto a perfect Stature grow
 In Jesus Christ, the bless'd *Emanuel*,
 And with him in pure heav'nly Places dwell ;
 That in Sincerity, thy Heart and Mind
 May to this loyal Lover be resign'd :
 Then will it not be grievous unto thee,
 To wait to know his Will more frequently ;
 Which, when made known, be careful to obey,
 That thou mayst travel in his holy Way ;
 Not still resisting, lest he cease to strive,
 Who by his potent Love preserves alive.
 O prize this Love ; and see that, with Disdain,
 Thou dost not recompence this Love again :
 Plead not for Flesh, nor fleshly Vanity,
 Lest thou be plung'd into Iniquity.
 Thou know'st, thou hast a Talent to improve,
 Yea, more than some : O do not grieve, or move
 To Indignation, him that doth extend
 His tender Arm of Love thee to defend
 From the devouring Dragon, that with Wiles
 And sluggard Poisons, subtilly beguiles
 Unstable Souls, that sell the precious Truth,
 And in vain Pleasures waste their Prime of Youth,
 But be not thou as they, who for meer Toys,
 Contemn and sell their Souls eternal Joys :
 Nor be asham'd, *dear Friend*, I the intreat,
 To honour him that did thy Soul create,

And Body too ; altho' the World should scorn
 For Jesus Sake ; thou know'st thou wast not born
 To serve the World, the Flesh, nor Satan neither ;
 Therefore, altho' all these conspire together,
 Give *Christ* thy Heart, & he will give thee Strength
 To overcome thine Enemies at length.

But if thou be, before the Sons of Men,
 Asham'd to own thyself his Servant, then
 He'll be asham'd of thee before his Father,
 And ever blessed Angels ; therefore rather
 Deny thou all for him, than him for any ;
 For tho' there be pretended Lovers many,
 Let this the Chiefest of ten Thousand be ;
 For surely so he'll prove himself to thee,
 If thou canst but believe, and not exclude
 Thyself, through Sin and vile Ingratitude.
 O set thyself to seek him, that seeks thee.
 With his endeared Love, to set thee free
 From the Oppression of the Enemy,
 Thee to adorn in spotless Purity.

Tho' Troubles, Griefs, and Crosses, do attend
 Thee many Times, thou hast a bosom Friend,
 To whom in secret thou may'st tell thy Grief,
 Who will not fail to grant thee true Relief.
 Come then, *dear Cousin*, in Humility,
 Prove, and thou'l't find this Friend's Fidelity ;
 Who will undoubtedly from Griefs divert thee :
 And unto Holiness and Peace convert thee :
 His Grace sufficient is, he only can
 Effect what seems impossible to Man.
 My Heart is full, and fluent to indite,
 My Hand is therefore thus engag'd to write,
 Much more than at the first I did intend,
 And yet I scarce can freely make an End.

Third Month, 1678.

The

The second EPISTLE to Cousin F. R.

SHALL I, *endeared Friend*, expect in vain
Thy Promise answer'd, and not yet obtain
The Joy of better Fruits of vacant Hours,
Which we are not assur'd long to be ours?
Alas, the Time will come when some will say,
O that I had as yet another Day!
What, to add Sin to Sin, and to retire,
If once wash'd clean, to wallow in the Mire!
No, no; but diligently to improve
Their Time, that they might treasure up above,
In Heaven's Exchequer, that which will endure;
Gold tried in the Fire, refin'd and pure,
With Garments of Salvation, which will bring
Into Acceptance with th' eternal King.
These are the Robes of Righteousness, that can
Procure the Favour of both God and Man.

O come! Consider, let all Vanity
Stoop to Concerns of such Importancy:
And let none say, *I hope 'tis well with me,*
Because I yet no Condemnation see,
Nor feel I Judgment: If such yet retain
A fond Delight in transitory, vain,
And fading Toys, their Treasure lies below,
Which soon corrupts; such reap, ev'n as they sow,
Sad Disappointments. Zion's Converts must
Redemption know, by Judgments true and just.
Alas, the Hope of Hypocrites shall fail!
In Times of Trial, what shall it avail?
But those that singly leave all Things below,
Shall in themselves the Hope of Glory know;

A living

A living Hope, a Hope that will endure :
 This purifies the Heart, as he is pure,
 That raiseth up the same in Men, that they
 May be encouraged in the good Way,
 That leads to Life, to everlasting Peace,
 In Joys eternal, which shall never cease.
 Ponder these Things, *my Friend*, thou hast indeed
 Engag'd thyself, although thou yet proceed
 But slowly to perform, with Diligence,
 To render humble due Obedience
 To what's made known, by him that from above
 Draws tenderly, by his long-suff'ring Love :
 O let it not so soon forgotten be !
 Which, as desir'd, will more increase in thee
 Its sweet'ning Virtue, its enliv'ning Power ;
 That unto thee will more and more discover
 Iniquity, and for the same reprove
 Thy Soul in secret ; but will gently move
 And lead thee, by his Strength-renewing Hand,
 With Cheerfulness to answer his Command,
 And fully recompence thee : O be wise
 Learn thou to fear, but do not now despise
 The Day of small Things ; ah, believe, that she
 That faithful in a little is, shall be
 Made Ruler over much : Commit thine All
 To him, that doth in Love so often call,
Come unto me ! And know, if thou abide
 Faithful in fervent Zeal, when thou art try'd,
 Thou'lt in thy Bosom find a sweet Increase
 Of an admired overflowing Peace ;
 Which, rightly known, will more esteemed be,
 Than all those Objects carnal Eyes can see.
 But know, that mighty Works were never done
 Amongst them that would not believe the Son,

The

The Lamb of God ; such from a near Relief,
 Excluded were, because of Unbelief :
 Yet unto one, not conscious of that Guilt,
Be it unto thee even as thou wilt,
 Was graciously proclaim'd ; whereby she found
 Her meek Petition fairly heard, and crown'd
 With a desired Grant ; although to try
 Her Faith, at first the Answer did imply
 Rather Repulse than Favour, when 'twas said,
It is not fit to take the Children's Bread,
And give to Dogs : She answered, *Truth : Yet Lord,*
These lick the Crumbs that fall beside their Board.
 Here's wrestling Faith indeed, which as express'd
 In fervent Meekness, from a panting Breast,
 Admirably prevail'd with him ; whose Name,
 Whose matchless Love and Goodness, is the same
 For ever. Faint not, but go supplicate
 For Grace, to him that's easy to intreat
 By all that, in true Lowliness of Mind,
 Make their Addresses : *Seek and ye shall find,*
 Is the authentick Warrant to begin
 To seek the glorious Pearl that's lost within.
 Look not abroad, but light thy Candle there ;
 Seek thou at home, and thou shalt find it near :
 Therefore redeem thy Time, and meditate
 How best thy Promise thou may'st yet compleat.
 Verily, what thou say'st, cannot avail
 To justify, if thy Performance fail ;
 Nor is there Strength in Self : Therefore endeavour
 To know that Hand, which helps to persevere
 Unto the End ; and if thou faithful be,
 A Crown of Life shall be bestow'd on thee.

1678.

A Remembrancer.

A Remembrancer.

CONSIDER well some by-past Days,
 On former Times reflect,
 And see if thou, in all thy Ways,
 Art truly circumspect.
 'Twas said in Scripture's true Record,
 The People well have spoken,
 Had they an Heart to serve the Lord,
 And not so falsely broken,
 Their sacred Vows ; whereby thy did
 Engage in holy Fear,
 To leave undone what he forbade,
 That they might know him near,
 Strength'ning to do what he requires,
 (In deep Humility)
 And still begetting new Desires,
 His Name to magnify :
 Whose Promise is to dwell within,
 Even in the humble Heart,
 And wholly to redeem from Sin,
 And of his Grace impart ;
 That we may know his just Command
 Reveal'd within, and done ;
 And all destroy'd, that would withstand,
 Then shall his Kingdom come ;
 Which doth consist in Righteousness,
 In Peace, and heavenly Joy
 In the Holy Ghost, where Blessedness
 Abounds eternally.

An EPISTLE to Cousin E. S.

WHEN I remember thee, *dear Friend*, I find
My Heart thus to advise thee is inclin'd ;
If thou canst hear in Calmness, and subdue
All peevish Passion, which in open View
Of sober Persons, justly merits Blame,
And manifests the Ground from whence it came :
Then let this Counsel find a Place in thee ;
Stoop low to Truth, and learn Humility :
This thou wast once acquainted with ; beware,
Lest Strangeness interpose, and learn to fear.
Know'st thou not what true Wisdom said of old,
Man's greatest Foes are of his own Household ?
And true it is, not outwardly alone,
But inwardly ; for greater there is none,
Than these, we can encounter with ; for they
Lurk close within, and secretly betray.
Therefore take heed, for tho' there do appear
Bad Precedents, and ill Examples near,
They'll not so soon infect a solid Mind,
Which unto Watchfulness is still inclin'd :
And then, though Trials frequently attend,
There is an Arm of Love that will defend
From all Assaults of Man's grand Enemy,
As it is lean'd to, in Simplicity.
O let's remember this, lest we should prove
Unmindful of our first, our chiefest Love !
Or lest a second Love should so engage
Our Hearts and Minds, in this infectious Age,

As

As wholly to lead captive, and betray
 Us to a treacherous, fawning *Delilah*,
 A subtil bosom Traytor ; such prevail'd
 O'er one, whose Strength and Valour never fail'd,
 Until he doted on a Stranger's Love.
 O may such false Enticements never move
 Our Hearts to turn aside, lest we may lose
 Our Strength and Stay, and frequently expose
 Ourselves to Snares and Dangers ! Surely we
 Are always bound to wait in Fear, to be
 Kept near that living Virtue, that doth favour
Thoughts, Words & Actions, and that keeps in Favour
 With our first Love ; that we may live and rest
 With *Zion's* holy King, for ever blest'd.

To Cousin M. S.

Sometimes, *dear Friend*, this riseth in my Heart,
 Come let's with *Mary*, choose the better Part ;
 Of which the Meek shall not deprived be :
 Her Seat was low, in deep Humility,
 At holy Jesus's Feet, where her Desire
 Was still to hear that Voice, which did inspire
 Her Heart with fervent Love. She did not seek
 Usurped Power, but learned to be meek ;
 For certainly, the humble Hearted shall
 Exalted be ; but Pride portends a Fall.
 Whoever would be great, must first be low
 And little, and a true Subjection know
 To that which teacheth Lowliness of Mind ;
 And to the Truth their All must be resign'd,

Before

Before they can obtain that true Content,
And Solid Joy, that's firm and permanent :
Such then may say, No Solace, Joy, nor Love,
Like unto this, which freely from above
Distils and streams into the Heart that's pure ;
Here's *Treasure, Pleasure, Peace*, that will endure : }
To this we ought to make our Calling sure. }
1678.

The third EPISTLE to Cousin F. R.

(to my Mind,
THAT Love, *dear Friend*, which brings thee
Thus frequently, hath now again inclin'd
To visit thee, with these Considerations
Concerning thee : O let thy Meditations
Hereof be serious ! Let all Vanity
Be far exil'd, and love Simplicity.
Shall I object to thee the pompous State
Of purple *Dives*, or his dreadful Fate ?
Nay surely ! Thou the History canst read ;
Read thou within, and let not Self-hood plead.
His unrelenting Heart despis'd the Poor,
Ev'n *Lazarus*, that languish'd at his Door,
Without Relief : Whereas in such a State,
I should (think'st thou) be more compassionate,
And not so disregard him. Ah, my Friend !
Though some a Hand of Charity extend,
As outwardly, which in its Place is good,
Imparting sometimes Raiment, sometimes Food,
To fellow Creatures : Yet there's one that's poor,
Humble and meek, condemned at thy Door ;
That

That waits for Entrance, and that gently knocks,
Until the Dew have wet his comely Locks ;
Open to entertain him now, for he
Is come in tender Love to visit thee :
And tho' poor, meek, and lowly he appear
He's King of Kings ; therefore incline thine Ear
To his Request, that he may dwell with thee,
Whose Love's the Fountain of Felicity.
Let Superfluities be laid aside,
The gaudy Trophies of insulting Pride ;
And be not over curious to express
Too much Exactness in an outward Dress ;
Lest peevish Passion should too oft prevail,
To banish Reason from its Throne, and vail
Sound Judgment ; which would search and purify
Submissive Souls from their Iniquity,
And Vanity, abounding in th' Abuse
Of Vifibles, which Mortals fondly choose,
And seek a Satisfaction in, in vain ;
For here no lasting Joy can they obtain.
Why then should any so unmindful be
Of that great Off-spring of Eternity,
Th' immortal Soul ? That Epitome of Wonder ;
Compar'd to which, all Things beneath or under
The glorious Sun are vain ! What can be given
In change for this, whose proper Home is Heaven ?
Ah, what Advantage will it be to gain
The World, and plunge the Soul in endless Pain !
Alas ! Earth's transient, vain, deluding Toys,
So fondly snatch'd at, for true lasting Joys,
Tho', as by Rattles oft a crying Child
Is for a Season of the Breast beguil'd,
They seem to please, can never satiate
The panting Soul, nor bring t'a blessed State :

Why

Why should they thus be priz'd, *my Friend*, O seeing
Thou art the Off-spring of th' Eternal Being:
Whilst that the Lord of Lords invites thee, come,
Love him that will conduct thee safely home,
Unto himself; and in thy Heart reveal
Eternal Life, as the abiding Seal
Of his endeared Love: Then heav'nly Joy
Shall console thy Heart eternally.
Alas, that thou hereby might'st rightly know,
How the abounding Streams of Love do flow
To thee and others, with increasing Store;
Its boundless Current streams and issues more
Than through the slender Conduit of a Quill,
In such small sable Channel can distil:
O mayst thou always at the Fountain dwell!
For its unseal'd to wrestling *Israel*.

1678.

The fourth EPISTLE to Cousin F. R.
in Answer to one received.

THine I have now receiv'd, which manifests
 Thou hast had some Regard to my Requests,
 And by these good Effects, dost testify,
 Thou'rt not so much inclin'd to Vanity,
 To childish Sports, and Time-beguiling Play,
 As thou hast been therein, and spent thy Day :
Endeared Friend, mayst thou be yet more wise,
 And let thy Mind find better Exercise ;
 That thou mayst learn, with Diligence to wait,
 To feel the Springing-Life regenerate
 Thy Soul ; whereby thou'lt know no greater Trial
 Can meet us here, than daily Self-denial :
 Suffer we must, if we expect to reign
 With Christ, (or else our Expectation's vain)
 In Sorrows, as in Joys, participate.
 Alas ! He never came to consecrate
 A Way for us to true Felicity,
 Thro' curious Trims, and Silks of princely Dye :
 This Path is not bestrew'd with golden Crowns,
 Rich Coats of Arms, and Scepters of Renown ;
 Nor yet with Oriental Gems, that be
 Such dazzling Sparks unto the carnal Eye :
 No, no ; 'tis through the Cross we must obtain
 The Crown of Glory ; other Hopes are vain.
 This Men of Understanding knew of old,
 And prudently disdain'd that Idol Gold :

Wise

Wise *Solon* told King *Cræsus* (when he sate
In gaudy Pomp upon his Throne of State,
Doting upon his Wealth, in lofty Pride,
Expecting almost to be deify'd)
That *Peacocks* with their spreading Plumes express
A greater Lustre in their natural Dress,
Than he in all his Glory; which, though he
Disdain'd to own, whilst in Prosperity,
Except with Frowns, nor car'd to meditate
So deep a Sentence: Sudden Change of State
Thereto constrain'd, and taught him to confess,
'Tis neither Wealth nor Honour, that can bless
Man's Heart with true Content; but rather do
Betray, and bring to Misery and Woe.
Therefore delight not in these fading Things,
Which suddenly may vanish as on Wings:
But let true Wisdom teach thee (no Excuse
Avails to plead for precious Time's Abuse)
That with an humble Spirit thou array
Thyself: This is a Robe will ne'er decay;
No outward Ornament can beautify,
As Lamb-like Meekness, inward Purity.

Now, though for what thou sensible dost seem
In thy Condition, thou of true Esteem
Art no less worthy, Love doth here constrain,
With Heart and Pen, to be thus bold and plain;
And that because thy Soliloquies do
Express, what Truth obligeth thee unto,
The deep Engagement of thy Soul: O then!
Take heed, lest that alone with Tongue or Pen
Thou honour him, and Heart be far remov'd;
Or thou be found perfidious, being prov'd:
'Tis not because I evidently see
The Symptoms of such Consequence in thee;

But, ah, the Stratagems and Subtilty
Of the Deceiver, our grand Enemy,
Are but too prevalent with some, except
True Watch and Ward within be always kept :
That thus my exercised Heart indites
Unto thee ; and my Hand, thus guided, writes,
With true Dependance on that Arm of Power,
Which is to *Israel's* Seed a Refuge-tower.
And therefore, since thou hast in measure known
Engagement from above, thou'rt not thine own,
But purchas'd with a Price to serve the Lord,
The Price of Blood ; therefore obey his Word :
Then shall he teach, instruct, and strengthen thee,
To follow him in true Sincerity ;
And thou shalt daily know the bless'd Increase
Of sacred Solace from the Prince of Peace :
And as thou hungerst, daily may be fed
With finest of the Wheat, and heav'nly Bread ;
Yea, Honey from the Rock, and drink new Wine,
Distilling from the true and living Vine :
And in its sweet refreshing Shade sit down
In Rest and Peace, ascribing all Renown,
Honour and Glory, unto *Judah's* Lion,
The meek, the spotless, holy Lamb of *Zion*.

1678.

To Cousin P. S.

LOVE, that inviteth all Men, hath, I see,
Extended its engaging Hand to thee,
Dear Child : Consider and incline thine Ear,
Bow down in Meekness, and thou'lt quickly hear
The *still small Voice*, which doth behind thee say,
Come follow me, this is the heavenly Way,
Walk in it : Travel here, thou'lt not be weary,
(This Path leads on to *Zion's Sanctuary*)
But diligently waiting, shall renew
Thy Strength in him, that's holy, just, and true,
The blessed Prince of everlasting Peace,
Who as obey'd, will plenteously increase
His daily Favours in thee, and reveal
His holy Will, and strengthen to prevail
Against thine Enemies, that do surround
The Soul with Snares, whereby thy Grievs abound :
This is indeed the good *Samaritan*,
That binds up broken Hearts, and only can
Heal the Afflicted ; but he loves to see
Jacob bow down in deep Humility :
For then's the Time of Love ; he then extends
His Love to contrite Hearts ; such he defends
With his indwelling Presence : Therefore fear
Always ; for he delighteth to appear
To those that fear his Name, and faithful be (see
To what's made known in small Things ; they shall
Dominion over much, if they forsake
The flatt'ring World, and Self, for Jesus Sake,

Who suffer'd for us, and despis'd the Shame ;
He's only worthy over all to reign.
Stoop therefore to the Cross, and do not fear
What Earth can do, tho' Mortals scoff and jeer,
And persecute, as they have ever done,
That stubbornly rebel against the Son
And Heir of Glory : Him they buffeted,
Revil'd and scorn'd ; and on his comely Head
They tauntingly did set a Crown of Thorn,
Whose Head the Crown of Glory doth adorn.
'Twas he, that for his Foes resign'd his Breath,
And by his Suffering conquer'd Hell and Death.
Therefore let's suffer with him, that we may
Live in his Presence in the approaching Day ;
When all his Adversaries shall become
But as a Footstool to be trampled on.

1679.

Contemplation.

ESTABLISHMENT in holy Fear,
That I may know my Darling near,
Is more to me

Than all the Pleasures Earth can boast,
Which are but pleasing Pains at most,
And fading Vanity.

O thou prevailing Prince of Peace!
Reveal still more the bless'd Increase
Of thy Authority,

And Government that shall remain,
But never end; that so thy Reign,
In Dread and Majesty,

May be exalted over those
That would thy conqu'ring Arm oppose;
But to the Joy

Of all that humbly wait in Fear,
And love to see thee, Lord, appear
In perfect Purity.

1679.

An EPISTLE to M. J.

BELOVED Friend, thy Welfare every Day,
 And Preservation in Truth's holy Way,
 Is heartily desir'd ; and that in Fear,
 And holy Dread, thy Soul may persevere,
 To travel *Zion's* Path in Purity,
 Learning to dwell in true Humility.
 Ah, let us both, in Lowliness of Mind,
 Bow to the Pow'r, by which the Heart's inclin'd,
 With true Sincerity, to stand and wait,
 In Silence of all Flesh, at Wisdom's Gate ;
 Until the heavenly Lawgiver appear,
 And in the Heart reveals his Counsel near ;
 Who teacheth Meekness ; never to repay
 Railing for Railing ; but in Love to pray
 For those that do despitefully accuse us,
 And with Revilings frequently abuse us.
 When spotless Innocency was by Men
 Accus'd, and Truth condemn'd ; O did he then,
 By verbal Arguments with them, assay
 To justify his upright Cause, or say
 The least reviling Word ? Nay, surely Nay. }
 How then dare any, whom his boundless Love
 Hath once engag'd, if he be pleas'd to prove
 Their Faith by Trials, as in secret say,
We'll follow him in a more easy Way ?
 Can we, without the *Cross*, expect the *Crown*
 Of everlasting Glory and Renown ?
 Nay verily, except the *Cross* do kill
 The Self-hood, and subdue the carnal Will,

How

Miscellaneous Poems.

How can we hope eternally to reign
With him, who by his Suff'rings overcame?
'Tis not Restraint from gross Iniquity,
But Self-denial, inward Purity,
And Holiness made perfect in his Fear,
That finds Acceptance, when he doth appear
To judge the Secrets of all Hearts, and bring
Into the Presence of the highest King.
Then 'tis the Pure in Heart shall see the Lord,
And sing eternal Praise with one Accord;
Because they know that holy Name, whereby
They were redeem'd from all Iniquity;
The Righteous enter everlasting Joy.

1679.

Meditations.

O LOVE ! thou Substance of the royal Law,
Let thy sweet influencing Power draw
Our troubled Hearts, in true Humility,
To wait on thee with holy Fervency :
For thou our Souls hast often visited,
That we might, by thy tender Hand, be led
From Darkness unto Light ; from Enmity,
Strife and Contention, unto Unity,
In undefiled, in unfeigned Love ;
Which, though it may in Gentleness reprove,
Or otherwise instruct, it covers all
Faults and Offences ; yea, if any fall
Through Weakness, it bears up with ready Hand,
And lends a Shoulder, till such learn to stand,
And

And walk more strongly : For it joys to see
 Brethren to dwell in perfect Unity,
 Only contending who may most be found
 In Lowliness, that Love may more abound,
 But, ah, 'tis Hatred, Wrath, Revenge and Strife,
 Discovers Faults, strikes at the very Life ;
 Provoking oft one seeming Friend or Brother,
 To bite, despise, if not devour another,
 For empty Trifles ; so that Vanity
 Becomes vexatious, and Perplexity
 Of Spirit : For, as well observ'd by one,
All Things are Vanity below the Sun ;
 The *Son of Righteousness*, which when it shines
 With its resplendent conqu'ring Ray, refines
 The drossy Nature, rightly purifies
 The Heart, consuming all Impurities ;
 Whereby, at last, the Enmity is slain,
 And Love exalted over all to reign.
 Great Prince of Peace ! Instruct our Souls to wait
 To be establish'd in this happy State ;
 Where Joys abound, and Enmity doth cease,
 And Charity withal doth still increase ;
 That, with thy dear redeemed Ones, we may
 Walk Hand in Hand in *Zion's* blessed Way ;
 Where no Iniquity can e'er be found,
 Nor Love wax cold, but more and more abound ;
 Yea, Love that thinks no Evil, but doth seek
 The Good of all, and teacheth to be meek ;
 Not easily provoked, but in Peace
 With all : Here Happiness shall still increase.
 Then may our chearful Souls triumph, and sing,
 Pure, holy, living Praise to *Salem's* King.

1679.

The fifth EPISTLE to Cousin F. R.

WHEN I, endeared Cousin meditate,
How Heav'n hath bless'd thee in thy tender State,
Reading thy Lines, by Wisdom's Dictates pen'd,
Which thou, by mutual Love engag'd, didst send,
And weightily reflect upon the (strange
To Flesh and Blood! but) truly happy Change
That's wrought in thee, by that eternal Power,
That, as a Father, leads to *Zion's* Tower,
The Rock of Ages, us, that went astray,
Wand'ring like Pilgrims, that had lost their Way
In some vast Desert, where the savage Bear,
And other savage Beasts range here and there,
To seek their Prey: Yet by a sacred Hand
They're brought t'a happy habitable Land.
Methinks we're bound to say with one Accord,
Who can enough admire thy Goodness, Lord!
O how can such but much esteem their Guide!
Who, had their careless Steps but turn'd aside,
And frowardly left the discover'd Way,
Had certainly become a wretched Prey
To those Devourers: Ah! Such was our Case,
Had not th' Eternal led us by his Grace:
Which, let us ne'er forget, but Praises sing
To our most gracious Guide, dear *Zion's* King:
Who by his holy Life, the Light within
Reveal'd, redeems believing Hearts from Sin;
And the Obedient to the Lord's Command,
Shall eat the Good and Sweetness of the Land;

The

The Land of Promise, giv'n them to possess,
Though Murmurers fall in the Wilderness,
Then shall they feel that *Life*, which as with Nerves
And Joints, unites, and tenderly preserves
As Members of one Body ; so to give
Due Service to the Head, in whom we live,
By Distribution of that precious Blood,
Which to the Body is both Life and Food ;
And though it may retire, yet soon again
It circulates and flows through every Vein ;
Renewing Warmth, encreasing Strength, whereby
The Body flourishes in Unity.
As doubly thus engag'd, methinks I prize thee,
Much more than Pen and Ink can advertise thee :
Then how can those, who feel these *Streams of Love*
And *Life*, but prize each other far above
Outward Relations, yet rejoice to see
Them to partake of this bless'd Unity !
Thus thou to me art now become more near
Than formerly related ; yea, as dear
As Children of one Father, mutually
Oblig'd to breathe for the Prosperity
And Welfare of each other, in the pure
Eternal Love, which makes Election sure,
And seals Salvation to us ; yea, I find
My Soul, in sympathizing Love, inclin'd,
As for itself, so to desire for thee,
That we in Faithfulness may ever be
Preserv'd ; though Tribulations should attend,
Emanuel, almighty to defend,
Is near ; yea, nearer than our Hearts expect,
Though often undiscern'd through our Neglect ;
He's omnipresent, though not always seen,
For interposing Clouds may from us screen

His

His Countenance : This he permits, to try
And prove our Love, our chaste Fidelity.
But still he leaves us Pledges of his Love,
That, ah, methinks, nothing should ever move
Our firm engaged Hearts ! Yet we, poor we,
Are weak, and subject to Infirmary ;
Apt to forget his Favours, multiply'd
Towards us daily ; apt to turn aside,
Did not his blessed Arm protect, defend,
And still renew Engagements to depend
Only on him, who loves unto the End.

1679.

The sixth EPISTLE *to Cousin F. R.*

CAN I but frequently remember thee,
Endeared Friend, when I such Dangers see,
That daily meet the Travellers that set
Their Faces *Zion*-ward ? Can I forget
To recommend thee to that Arm of Power,
That keeps *Worm Jacob*, as a fenced Tower ?
Nay, nay ; can any Heart but break or bleed,
To view th' Affliction of the holy Seed,
Which in that * careless City is oppress'd, * *City of*
Like to a tender Babe kept from the Breast ? *Chester.*
Ah ! Dreadful is the State of those, that lay
Such Stumbling-blocks, to hinder from the Way
That leads to Life, and by a bare Profession.
Discourage them that seek the true Possession.
O ! Can lukewarm *Laodicea* be
So justify'd ? No, no, the firm Decree,
Without Repentance, may not be repeal'd ;
What's done in secret, soon shall be reveal'd :

Ah,

Ah, let their Stumblings and Backslidings be
A Caution, but no Stumbling-block to thee ;
Wait in the Deep, to know Love's Streams distil,
Like the refreshing Dew of *Hermon's Hill* :
Then, as thou travell'st in the Valleys low,
Where *Shiloh's* sacred Rivulet doth flow,
Thou mayst be, by its quick'ning Influence,
Preserved in an holy living Sense
Of heav'nly Things : Which blessed Privilege,
The Rage and Strength of Men can ne'er abridge
Us of. Nor yet can I unmindful be
Of my own State, whilst I admonish thee ;
But, sensible of Weakness, pity those
Whom great Offences frequently oppose,
To hinder them, if possible, that they
Might not persist to travel *Zion's Way*.
And as the wicked Spies, that falsely told
Discouragements to *Israel* of old,
Excluded both themselves, and likewise those
That, with them, did by Unbelief oppose
The heav'nly Promise ; tho' the Faithful were
Conducted safe, and took Possession there,
Ev'n in the Land that did with Sweetness flow ;
So do the Slothful and the Careless now
Raise Doubtings, and distrust of Victory,
In all that do not, with true Fervency,
Press forward chearfully, with holy Fear,
Knowing their Captain of Salvation near.
O let the Love, which sets the Heart on Fire
To follow him, increase a true Desire
In thee, to persevere unto the End ;
For *Israel's* King for ever will defend
All that upon him faithfully depend.

Meditations in Trouble.

ALAS, when my distressed Mind,
Through secret Drawings, is inclin'd,
Great King! to wait on thee;
O how the subtil Enemy
Presents fond Fancies, to entice aside,
My Heart from true Stability;
So to despise true lasting Joys,
And entertain vain transitory Toys,
Which ne'er can satiate the Soul, when try'd.

O how would Sloth entice mine Eyes!
My weary Eyes to Sleep,
That had more Cause to weep,
Because the Solace of my Soul seems gone,
And left my Heart alone,
Surrounded with a Troop of Enemies.

O whither is he gone? Or where
Shall I go mourn, till he appear,
Who is my Life, my Love?
Alas, how shall I move
Him to return, that's secretly retir'd;
Like unto one displeas'd,
Who, till he be pleas'd,
My Heart cannot be eas'd;
He is one lovely, and to be admir'd!

How

How long, alas, my Love, my Life,
Wilt thou with-hold the Influence
Of thy enam'ring Countenance,
The Light of Life ! Bow down thine Ear
To an afflicted Heart, and hear
Its Cries and Groans, and grant Relief.

Without thy Presence all's in vain ;
Alas, how long shall I complain ?
The Cause of Grief is not from thee :
Is there not some Iniquity,
That keeps thus at a Distance from my Love ?
Or art thou pleas'd to shroud
Me thus, as in a Cloud ?
How long, Lord, shall it be
Before thou please to answer from above ?

'Tis none but thee, thou holy One !
'Tis thy prevailing Light alone
Can rend the Veil, and all these Clouds remove :
It's thou that grieves for me,
And makes my Soul in Sympathy,
Thus to pant after thee, thou God of Love.
1679.

Concerning Trials.

ALAS, how hard a Thing
 It is to bring
 Into a true Subjection, Flesh and Blood,
 Quietly to entertain
 (And not complain)
 Those Exercises that attend for Good !

My Life, my Joy, my Love,
 If thus thou please to prove
 And exercise my poor perplexed Mind,
 Teach me to wait in Fear,
 That I may learn to bear
 What Trials may attend, of any Kind :

And, guarded by thy Ray,
 Walk in the Way;
 That leads directly to the Throne of Grace ;
 Where in Humility,
 Poor I may be
 Admitted to sit down i'th' heav'nly Place :

And there to thee discharge
 My Grievs at large,
 As to a Bosom-Friend, that bears with me,
 And often passes by
 Faults of Infirmitie :
 Alas, I cannot bear too much for thee !

H

Then

Then work thy blessed Will,
 So to fulfil
 Thy sacred Counsel, for a further Trial ;
 All Trials work for Good
 (Though crosses to Flesh and Blood)
 To them that follow thee in Self-denial ;

Bearing the Cross ; for to
 Thine come to know
 We have a just High-Priest, that's pleas'd to be
 (Although he dwells above
 What Grief can move)
 Touch'd with a Sense of our Infirmary.

Ah, let us ne'er forget,
 When sore beset
 With Tribulation, or when Snares surround,
 Humbly to lean to thee !
 Then shall we see
 The Joys of thy Salvation to abound.

So living Praises due
 (Thou holy, just, and true)
 To thee, thy dear Redeemed may proclaim,
 And in Sincerity
 May magnify,
 With Heart and Tongue, thy great eternal Name.

A Meditation in Retirement.

O Thou, great *King of Kings*, arise and reign !
Except thy *Virtue* springs, all *Worship's* vain ;
Except thy quick'ning Life be felt to rise,
There's none can offer up a Sacrifice,
That finds Acceptance with so great a King :
And then, who dare into thy Presence bring
The Blemished, the Maimed, or the Blind,
Which with an earthly Prince could never find
Any Regard ; but rather for the same,
Severe Chastisement, with Rebuke and Shame.
O let thy holy Power operate
Within thy Temple, thou immaculate,
Holy, High-Priest ! O let thy Hand prepare
The Sacrifice : Then *Israel* may not fear
To find Admittance to the royal Throne ;
Thou'lt smell the Sweetness, and accept thy own.
We'll wait in Patience, and depend on thee,
Thou only canst rebuke the Enemy ;
That old Deceiver, Satan, though he stand
Among thy Children, as at the right Hand
Of *Joshua* ; 'tis thy own Arm alone
Can save the Brand pluck'd from the Fire, or none.
'Tis thou that tak'st the filthy Garment from us,
And in thy Love art pleas'd to put upon us
Thy royal Robe of Righteousness, whereby
We find Access before thy Majesty,
To touch thy glorious Sceptre, and appear
Before the Throne of Grace ; where, over Fear,

Love sweetly hath prevail'd : Yet shall there be
An holy Awe in all that worship thee,
An humble, deep engaged, filial Fear,
As to a tender Father, from his dear
Obedient Off-spring ; watchful to attend
His holy Precepts ; fearful to offend,
For very Love ; not as in Slavery,
Dreading the Laws of just Severity ;
But as by Love engag'd, which fills the Breast
With Satisfaction, not to be express'd
With mortal Tongue ; as thou wast pleased, by
Th' Apostle, whom thou lov'dst, to signify.
We're now thy Sons, *great King !* but who can tell
What we shall be hereafter, when we dwell
With thee in Glory ? Can the Hand of Man
Measure the Fulness of the Ocean ?
Then may a finite Engine testify
The boundless Splendor of Eternity.

1679.

Of MODESTY.

SOME covet to be deck'd in rich Attire,
With Gold and Pearl, that others may admire,
Esteem, and honour them; and that they may
Advance a Beauty, that will soon decay.
If Imperfections did not lodge within,
What mean these Deckings of the fading Skin?
They, in whose noble Breast true Virtue dwells,
Need not so much t'adorn their outward Shells;
For Modesty doth many Ways express,
To all Observers, innate Comeliness:
Modest Attire, and Meekness, signify
A Mind compos'd of native Purity;
Needs no Appendices for to set forth
A Jewel of a more admired Worth,
Than *Indian* Mines can boast; those beautify
A Sepulchre, and make it fair to th' Eye;
But this shews innate Worth, and adds thereto
Such Lustre, those alone could never shew:
For where there is a chaste retired Mind,
Th' Apparel, Gesture, Speech, and Looks confin'd
Within the Bounds of Modesty, proclaim
An upright Heart, kept clear from Spot or Stain:
This both adorns the Gravity of Age,
And doth in blooming Years timely presage
A right heroic Heart; where Liberty,
That's inconsistent with true Modesty,
Is not desir'd: Such study to behave
Themselves discreetly, modest, meek, and grave;

But if a Smile appear, such as a Child
Reflects on's Mother, in Love undefil'd,
'Tis guarded with such simple Innocence,
As gives no just Occasion of Offence.
For Modesty in Covenant doth bind
The Eyes, lest they prove Traitors to the Mind ;
But ne'er instructs the Hand to plant a Snare,
Lay Nets with gaudy Garments, plaited Hair,
Or other golden Superfluities,
To captive vain Hearts, and wand'ring Eyes :
No, it abhors whatever seems to be
A Blemish unto chaste Simplicity :
Yet proves itself a far more potent Charm,
Than wanton Looks, but *dāunts* approaching Harm,
Like some strong Fortrefs, whence the Enemy
Retreats, despairing of a Victory.
Thus Modesty, and spotless Innocence,
Is often to itself a sure Defence.
This is the Virgin's Ornament, whereby
Beauty's adorn'd ; for this doth beautify,
Where fading Colours flourish not, and may
Be term'd a *Dow'r*, whose Worth shall ne'er decay.
Sure Men, as Men, cannot forget to prize it ;
Tho' some, as Brutes, not minding it, despise it ;
Else would their Words and Gesture rarely be
So poisonous, with gross Impiety :
Obscene Discourse, that horrid Smoke that fumes
From scorching Darknels, that within consumes
Some broil'd tormented Hearts, cannot proceed
From a *chaste* Breast, no Rose brings forth a Weed.
For this doth always constantly retain
Such an Abhorrence of all frothy, vain,
Absurd Expressions, that 'twill manifest,
The sad Resentment of a troubled Breast,

In crimson Colours ; which do oft appear
In modest Blushes, when th' unwilling Ear
Is made Partaker of such Words as be
A bold Affront to spotless Modesty.

Although there doth no inward Guilt upbraid,
Or bring Indictment ; yet with Looks dismay'd,
They signify Disgust, and seem to fear
They should be censur'd, being present where
Such Words were utter'd (though injuriously)
As one with them in the Conspiracy.

Some say, 'tis *Treason* but to lend an Ear
To *treasonable* Speeches, and forbear

T' accuse, or else to leave the Company.

Thus chaste *Clitomachus*, through Modesty
Quickly departing, shew'd that he abhorr'd

The needless Guilt of an uncivil Word,

Whene'er he heard it ; and 'twas worthily
Recorded, to instruct Posterity.

For though the Dictates in each human Breast,

Would, if observ'd, teach all Men to detest

Such criminal Expressions, as declare

Their Owners odious to a modest Ear ;

Yet Precedents of Virtue may be found

Of good Effect, when those of Vice abound.

Nor let it seem to any sober Mind

A Paradox, that Modesty should find

A Place in either Sex, although it be

Ascribed to the one peculiarly.

Reason, that honours Mankind more than Beast,

Gives forth its Laws and Dictates in each Breast ;

Virtue should therefore in both Sexes dwell ;

Some may in these, and some in those, excel :

Yet this, with many more, are not confin'd

To either solely ; but the prudent Mind

In both embrace it ; for it regulates
Deportment both in high and low Estates :
For where she dwells, insulting Arrogance,
Or any unbecoming Confidence,
Must not remain, lest these defile and stain
The Heart, where Virtue should prevail & reign ;
That Modesty may by its Influence,
Hide and avoid Occasion of Offence.
As Scripture Record to Posterity,
Doth chronicle the virgin Modesty
Of *Shem* and *Japhet*, who went back to hide
The Nakedness their Brother did deride ;
On whom the Curse became thereby entail'd
To after Ages, but a Blessing seal'd
To them, and to their Progeny, whose Names
(Like to a precious Ointment, that retains
Its Fragancy) shall still inherit Praise,
And be a Precedent to latter Days.
For though the Memory of some doth rot,
Virtue shall live, and never be forgot :
The wise in Heart esteem it, and thereby
Order their Conversation prudently,
And would not an unseemly Act commit,
Though mortal Eye should ne'er discover it :
For Modesty, that in their Bosom reigns,
Detests and loaths whatever spots or stains ;
Refraining from all Rudeness, it inclines
To Gravity and Meekness, and refines
The Language ; intimating, that we should
Be swift to hear, but never overbold
To speak, though eloquent ; and then take heed
Lest Words extravagantly may exceed
A mild and civil Tone ; for spoken loud,
They seem to summons in the list'ning Crowd :

Nor

Nor should they favour of Scurrility ;
For these are not the Effects of Modesty,
Which never can delight in Calumnies,
Abusing others with Tongue-injuries,
Although revil'd : Civility disdains
To vie in Folly, where no Prize pertains
Unto the Victors ; the true noble Mind
Conquers a Wrong by Patience, is resign'd
For Virtue's Sake to bear, that Reason may
Be re-enthron'd, and Passion pass away.
Th' Examples, which the Ancients did afford
Hereto, are many, left upon Record ;
For civil Nature's Dictates in each Breast,
Do far exceed what here can be express'd.
1679.

Meditation.

ALAS, alas ! This Day
Seems almost past away ;
What shall I say ? My Love
Doth hide his Face from me,
Who sorrows in Perplexity :
Ah, shall not Sighs and Groans prevail to move
Unto Compassion ? Shall
My drooping Spirit call
And cry, but find no Ear,
No Entrance, no Access,
To ease my Heart in great Distress ?
Ah, Lord ! How long canst thou forbear to hear ?

Great

Great dreadful Majesty,
 Whose Omnipotency
 Is Omnipresent ! Doth not Love
 Always abound with thee ?
 Yea surely, though it be
 Thine holy Pleasure thus sometimes to prove.

Especially when we
 Have slighted thee,
 Or to thine Enemy inclin'd,
 Or have not kept retir'd,
 Nor fervently desir'd
 Thy Presence with a right compos'd Mind.

Yet, O my chiefest Love !
 Thy rowling Bowels move,
 And thee to Pity now constrain,
 Thy condescending Ear
 Could not forget to hear,
 Nor shall worm *Jacob's* Seed for Want complain.

Worthy art thou to be
 Sought to in Fervency ;
 The careless ones shall not prevail :
 Thou, gracious Prince indeed,
 Favours the wrestling Seed ;
 This, in its Expectation, cannot fail.

Thy sweet Encouragement
 In Season does prevent
 All Doubtings and Distrust that can
 Arise, if faithfully
 Our Hearts depend on thee ;
 Thou waits to manifest thy Love to Man.

O reach

O teach my Soul to wair
At th' Posts of Wisdom's Gate,
In holy Fear! So to be found
Prepar'd to meet with thee
In true Sincerity,
In whose sweet Presence heav'nly Joys abound.
1679.

On E L I J A H.

O How th' eternal Goodness from above
Distils upon his Children Show'rs of Love!
And in the Midst of Trials manifests
Supporting Solace in their panting Breasts;
Engaging those, whom chiefly he designs,
To set for Witnesses in trying Times;
Refreshing, feeding, strengthening, and directing
Safely, with his indulgent Arm protecting,
And hiding in the Hollow of his Hand,
Those that are faithful to his just Command.
Thus was that holy Prophet of the Lord,
Elijah, shelt'ed from the threatening Sword
Of cruel *Jezabel*, whose raging Breath
Had vow'd, by all her Idols, sudden Death
Unto this Man of God (although in vain)
For seeking to lead *Israel* back again
Unto the Lord, who then were gone astray,
And wandred in a dark forbidden Way:
The Almighty's sacred Power did surround
And guard him, but his Enemies confound.

Now

Now though *Elijah* thought himself alone,
Surviving all true Prophets, and that none
Were left but him, there was seven thousand more
Preserv'd alive, that only did adore
The God of *Jacob*, would not bow the Knee
Unto, or worship *Baal's* false Deity.
This Heaven reveal'd unto him, when he sate,
As one in Sorrow, in dejected State ;
Because the sacred Name was then revil'd
By Priests of *Baal*, th' holy Prophets kill'd
For thus the Lord doth in his Wisdom try
The utmost of Man's Wrath and Cruelty,
As may conduce to th' Honour of his Name,
But the Remainder shall his Arm restrain.
And though that be permitted to extend
Affliction to the Body, put an End
To poor Mortality, here is Man's Rage
Confirm'd ; whilst from a weary Pilgrimage,
Th' immortal Soul releas'd, arrives with Joy
Unto the Heaven of Felicity,
Where the more noble Soul lives to survive
Those short-liv'd Sorrows, and forgets to grieve ;
Whose everlasting Glory doth transcend
Expression, or what Man can comprehend ;
Yet when th' Eternal pleaseth to oppose
The base Designs and Stratagems of those
That would destroy, or wickedly suppress
His faithful Ones, whom he intends to bless,
He soon can blast their Projects, and confound
Their chiefest Agents ; with a Word surround
His own, as with a bright celestial Host
Of Seraphims. Let not the Mighty boast
Themselves in Strength : Can Man resist his Hand ?
The Thorns and renting Briars then may stand

In Battle, to oppose consuming Fire.
Let *Israel* bow before him, and admire
His mighty Arm, and magnify his Name :
He guardeth whom he will ; his Pow'r's the same,
Which formerly the holy Prophet fed,
And by th' obsequious Ravens sent him Bread ;
Yea, Bread and Flesh, early and late, they brought
Him, who his Maker's Glory chiefly fought ;
And for his Drink, Brook *Cherith* did supply
With Water ; which, for want of Rain, grew dry :
Unto *Zarephtha*, by Command, he came,
Where a poor Widow, though to entertain
A Guest but meanly furnish'd, did receive
The Prophet ; and, through Faith, she freely gave
Part of her small, her almost wasted Store,
Which she had thought a little Time before
To dress for her, and for her Son, thereby
To be refresh'd, and shortly after die ;
Not knowing of so strange Increase, until
The holy Man, that knew the heavenly Will,
Did, by divine Authority, proclaim,
That till the Lord was pleas'd to send down Rain
(Which then with-held, for the Iniquity
That did abound, had brought th' Extremity
Of Dearth and Famine) her small Stock of Meal,
And little Cruise of Oil, should never fail ;
Which she believing, from the holy Word,
Liv'd to admire the Wonders of the Lord
Upon her Son, whom when depriv'd of Breath,
Elijah did prevail to call from Death,
By fervent Supplication to that Pow'r
That cast the Dead to Life again restore ;
That unto her it might not seem to be
Hard Measure for her Hospitality.

Thence

Thence by Commission from above he came
To bring glad Tidings of long-sought-for Rain;
That *Israel* might yet again incline
To seek the Lord, who by his Power divine,
Gives or with-holds a Blessing; and might learn,
By those and other Wonders, to discern
The living God from Idols, who alone
Answers by Fire from 's imperial Throne,
As then 'twas prov'd, to their Amaze and Shame:
Yet when some sought the Prophet to have slain,
He to the Wilderness again retir'd
Where, though he, as in Agony, desir'd
The Lord to take away his Life; yet there,
To comfort him, an Angel did appear;
Who, touching him, bad him arise and take
What he found ready there; which was a Cake
Bak'd on the Coals: O who can but admire
How there the Cake was bak'd on Coals of Fire!
For which he took no care; and for his Drink,
A Cruise of Water set! Ah, who would think
The King of Kings should be concern'd for these
Small Matters for poor Man! who, if he please,
Can well support, without the Strength of Bread,
As then he did that holy Prophet lead
Through th' sandy Desert forty Days, until
He came to *Horeb's* Mount, the sacred Hill,
Where, resting in a Cave, the great Command
Then given to him was, *Go forth and stand
Before the Lord, his Wonders to admire;*
The rending Wind, the Earthquake, and the Fire,
Pass'd by, but he in none of these did see
Such Soul-amazing dreadful Majesty,
As in the still small Voice; then as with Dread
And Reverence, his Face he covered,

Or wrapped in his Mantle, stood to hear
 What more the Lord was pleased to declare,
 Or to command him; that he humbly might
 Obey his Precepts, which was his Delight.
 Thus was he treated by the holy One,
 And afterwards caught up unto his Throne,
 As in a fiery Chariot, where, above
 All Grief, he joys in pure eternal Love:
 Yet who dare say, that for his Sake alone,
 Such great, such glorious Wonders then were done?
 Did not the eternal Wisdom signify
 His boundless, his all-conquering Love, thereby
 To all his faithful Servants? Ah, can he
 Cease to be gracious, or unmindful be
 Of his afflicted tribulated Ones?
 Nay surely, he hath own'd them for his Sons,
 And for his Daughters; and if they be found
 Faithful to Death, they shall with Life be crown'd:
 For he delights to glorify his Name
 Amidst the *Heathen*: Therefore 'tis in vain,
 For Men to curse whom he designs to bless,
 Or by their Laws to hinder Righteousness
 From running like a Stream; though formerly
 They pleaded Law, whereby the Just must die:
 Who now, and ever, lives sole King of Kings,
 To whom the *Angels* Hallelujah sings.

Of CHASTITY.

VIRTUE's its own Reward ; and Innocence,
 Where'er it dwells, a Fortrefs of Defence ;
 And in the Confines of pure Chastity,
 The Heav'n-born Soul finds joyful Liberty,
 And pleasant Freedom ; far surpassing all
 The Latitude of base, luxurious Thrall,
 Wherein the captivated Heart's inclin'd
 To dote on Trifles, where it cannot find
 True Solace, suiting the Nobility
 Of that which sprung from Immortality :
 Then why should any, stiled rational,
 So slight their princely great Original,
 As to sit down content, to equalize
 Themselves to Brutes, and sordidly despise
 Enjoyments more sublime, which gratify
 The noble intellectual Faculty,
 Proper alone to Creatures rational ?
 To be prefer'd before those criminal,
 Polluting Pleasures, which do so incense
 The injur'd (if not seared) Conscience,
 As much allays their present seeming Joys,
 And feeds the gnawing Worm that never dies ;
 Whilst prudent Minds delight to contemplate
 The Wisdom of that Power, that did create
 And form the Universe : The Mystery
 Of Nature's scarce observed Harmony,
 And that intrinsick Virtue, that is found
 In some familiar Concrets to abound,

Brings

Brings a Delight inferior to none,
 Save the Indwelling of that Lord alone,
 That gives the Knowledge of them, and did frame
 Them to the Glory of his holy Name:
 The sweet Experience whereof, I find,
 Is, by a noble and ingenious Mind,
 Acknowledged; asserting it to raise
 The Heart, to celebrate their Maker's Praise.
 Why then should so much Time, Expence & Cost,
 Be on some vain deluding Objects lost;
 Which, as with Chains, do bind in Slavery,
 And overwhelm in gross Impurity,
 Some doting Mortals, whose depraved Sense
 Can taste no Pleasures, not derived thence?
 But where unstained Chastity doth reign,
 The Mind kept pure, is apt to entertain
 Joys more refin'd; and then, if any rude
 Disturbing Thought would secretly intrude,
 'Tis soon expel'd, and banish'd from the Breast;
 Where Chastity hath taken up her Rest:
 For here the Thoughts, the Words & Actions be,
 Well season'd with an awful Gravity;
 The good Effects of an internal Law,
 Which doth, by its prevailing Precepts, draw
 Unto Obedience; whose Recompence
 Doth far surmount all transient Joys of Sense:
 Yet, ah, how many make it their Design,
 T'entice the Soul, and lead beyond the Line
 Of innate Law, through pleasant Confidence,
 Bringing at last to boundless Impudence;
 That Enemy to Virtue, that prophane
 Preludium unto a tragick Scene,
 Which doth by Heart-beguiling Pastimes bring
 The yielding Captives to the wounding Sting

Of inward Horror, a tormenting Pain,
 That frets their Hearts, involv'd in lasting Shame ;
 Whilst Peace and Honour evermore remains
 To them, in whole chaste Breast true *Virtue* reigns.
 Both Sexes are adorn'd by Chastity,
 For, as recorded to Posterity,
 Great Heroes, for their Valour much renown'd,
 If in their princely Bosoms this was found,
 As by a Law to limit ; such did gain
 A more enobling Lustre to their Name :
 But those, from whom great Armies conquer'd fled,
 That by a wanton Heart were vanquished,
 (Though Fortitude is not to be forgot)
 This to their Names is a perpetual Blot.
 Who conquers Self, *Virtue* more noble calls,
 Than he that overthrows the strongest Walls :
 Then for the blushing Sex, what Tongue can tell
 The Infamy that on her Name shall dwell,
 That wants the Ornament of Chastity ?
 'Tis a Reproach unto her Memory :
 But she that keeps her Mind retir'd and chaste,
 Her Praise shall flourish ; Fame nor Envy's Blast
 Can never blemish it ; that happy Peace,
 That in her Bosom lives, shall never cease.
 This therefore is to some a Pearl as dear
 As Life ; and such do less regard or fear
 The Loss of Life, and all, than once to stain
 Their chaste reserved Souls, with Guilt & Shame.
 Thus fair *Matilda* rather chose to die
 A Martyr to her spotless Chastity,
 Than with a gnawing Guilt and Horror live,
 In all the Pleasures that a Court could give ;
 Who tho' with Mortals she be ceas'd to dwell,
 She lives where Joys immortal do excel

All Vanities on Earth ; and here her Name
Doth still in Honour and Esteem remain.
Virtue bestows a Crown of endless Praise,
On all that to it consecrate their Days.
1679.

Of a F R I E N D.

IF I to Love would be inclin'd,
And without seeking, knew to find
One, whose unblemish'd outward Case,
Princely Deportment, comely Grace,
Might unto each observant Eye,
Denote the true Nobility
Of an heroick Heart and Mind,
From sordid Vanity sublim'd,
Sincerely pious, loyal, chaste,
And with such inward Peace possesst,
That blust'ring Storms could ne'er prevent
True inward Solace and Content :
Whom prosp'rous Lot exalts not high,
Nor can a cross Adversity
Much discompose ; observing well
That all Things here are mutable ;
Who rightly knows to prize a Friend,
Without a base sinister End.
And though a Competency here
Of needful Things, without much Care
Enjoying, knows Treasure laid up,
Secur'd from Theft, and Moths corrupt ;
Yet here, in Visibles, can see
The Wisdom of Eternity ;

And knowing Rule, and ruling know,
 In true Dominion Things below;
 Meek, though Majestick; Valiant, and
 That Self and Passion can command:
 Rich in all Virtues, to compleat
 A noble Heart, more good than great;
 'Tis such an one as this shall be
 Much honour'd, and esteem'd by me.

A Meditation.

(from me?)
A H, Lord! Why hid'st thou now thy Face
 My Soul expects no Comfort but from thee;
 No Joy, but Grief; no Solace can be found,
 But Soul-distracting Sorrows still abound,
 Within my troubled Breast; if thou retire,
 Or hide thy Face, all my Delights expire.
 How can I live, except thy quick'ning Breath
 Breathe on me, and subdue the Power of Death?
 Ah, let my Heart thy Holy Ghost receive,
 That so a Resurrection from the Grave,
 I may not only know, but be renew'd
 In Strength, to press ev'n through a Multitude
 Of Tribulations, Lord, to follow thee!
 Which if they sometimes as a Trial be,
 To prove the Love, whereto thou dost engage
 My Heart and Soul, in this backsliding Age,
 Let many Waters never quench the same,
 But rather be as Oil pour'd on the Flame;
 Which quickens, not extinguisheth the Fire:
 So may these Trials rouse my dull Desire,

Still

Still more and more in Fervency to move
And tend to thee, thou pure eternal Love;
For, ah, the Warmth of thy enliv'ning Ray,
Proclaims the Dawning of th' eternal Day;
Which secretly encourages to bear
These light Afflictions; for the Day draws near,
Wherein shall be a Glory, far transcending
These Griefs reveal'd, a Glory never ending.
But, Lord, support me; there's no Trials can
So far perplex, that on the outward Man
May be impos'd; no Sorrow that can be
Like the withdrawing of thyself from me:
Thou only art the Solace of my Soul,
To thee let my distressed Heart condole
Her Troubles, for there's none like that, when thou
With Frowns beclouds the Brightness of thy Brow,
Or secretly with-holds the glorious Ray,
Which is my Sun and Shield, my Strength & Stay;
My chiefest Counsellor, mine All: Ah, then
How can my Troubles be describ'd by Pen!
The Threats of this vain World shall not afflict me,
Except the Darling of my Soul reject me:
For 'tis thine Absence is the greatest Grief,
Thy loving Presence is a true Relief.
O 'tis my long'd-for Joy, mine only One!
This Blessing therefore grant me, Lord, or none.
O 'tis thy Love that thus engageth me,
To wrestle with, and follow after thee!
And though to prove me, thou mayst tarry long,
Preserve in Patience, let me never wrong
Thy Favours, so as once to entertain
Another Lover, or to turn again
In Heart to *Egypt*: Can her Garlick be
Of any pleasant Savour now to me,

Or any other Soul, that once had fed
 On Manna-Delicates, or Angels Bread ?
 Which even in the Desert thou affords
 Abundantly, as holy Writ records
 Thou didst of old : No, no, 'twas Penury
 Enforced, in the Land of Slavery,
 To feed thereon. If thy indulgent Care
 Provide and feed my Soul with better Fare,
 Teach me to prize thy Love ; 'tis now the same ;
 To *Israel's* Seed, thou say'st not, *Wait in vain* ;
 But thou appear'st, who always dost regard
 Thy breathing Babes, and with thee thy Reward
 Of inward Comforts known, with an Increase
 Of Joy, and Earnest of eternal Peace,
 To those that keep thy Covenant ; to them
 Thy Promises are all Yea and Amen,

1680

Of the Rainbow.

O How stupendious are thy Wonders, Lord,
Which thou effectest by thy living Word!
How gloriously presented every where,
Do they to the discerning Eye appear!
Which, as it views the Outside, may discover
The inward Wonder, by the Shell veil'd over.
Hath not each Visible a Mystery?
Doth not each Herb proclaim a Deity?
Which, with so fine an Essence, gave it Birth,
Out of the gross dark Bowels of the Earth.
If these familiar little Creatures be
Such Cause of Admiration, what may we
Observe in this vast Concave of the Sky,
So full of Wonders to a searching Eye?
Do not the heavenly Orbs declare thy Glory,
Great King, as in an universal Story?
Sun, Moon and Stars, do by their Light proclaim
A Power Divine, and magnify thy Name:
Can then this curious Semi-circle, deck'd
With such pure undy'd Colours, but affect
Our Hearts with Dread and Wonder? Can a Sign
Of such Concern and Glory, by divine
Authority plac'd in the Firmament,
To signify that gracious Covenant,
Which, for thy Goodness, for thy Mercy's-sake,
Thou, in thy tender Pity, pleas'd to make
With poor ungrateful Mortals, that thereby
They might believe, Floods should no more destroy

All Animals, pass unobserv'd ? Though Man,
 Through his ambitious Ignorance began
 Soon to insult, altho' in vain ; his Power
 And Policy, both fail'd at *Babel's* Tower :
 Yet hast thou not remov'd this signal Token
 Of thy endearing Love ; nor rashly broken
 Thy lasting Cov'nant ; but thereby dost shew,
 That thou alone art faithful, just and true.
 O can the great Memorial to the Nation,
 The *Rainbow*, but excite our Admiration,
 When it appears ! Were not the Signs of Heaven,
 And Wonders in the Earth, ordain'd and given
 For more sublime Designs, than only be
 Look'd at, and gaz'd on, by Mortality ?
 Did not the great Apostle once attest,
 That Things invisible are manifest
 By those that do appear ? Did not thereby
 Some of the *Gentiles* learn Divinity ?
 Why may they not as well excite and raise
 Our Hearts, to celebrate the Author's Praise ?

1689.

OF CONTENT.

WHO seeks a Prize where 'tis not to be found,
 Makes his Confusion but the more abound :
 So they who dote on Riches that have Wings,
 Or any other transitory Things,
 Do but with great perplexing Cares prevent
 That which they most pretend to seek, *Content*.
 Where may it then be sought? Behold, it lies
 Hid, as a Treasure, from the vult'rous Eyes :
 Yet there's a Garden where this Plant doth grow,
 Which who desires to find, must learn to know
 A Heart that's well refin'd and purifi'd
 From high-aspiring discontented Pride ;
 Disdaining to admire that Idol, Gold,
 But can, as with undazled Eyes, behold
 Its Earth-bred Lustre ; knowing how to use it,
 Not hoarding it to rust, that's to abuse it ;
 That cannot for vile Pleasures prostitute
 The noble Soul to grovel with the Brute ;
 That cannot be so bound to human Fashion,
 As to be over-sway'd with furious Passion :
 But doth, as with a well composed Mind,
 Hear Self revil'd and scorn'd ; yet not inclin'd
 Unto Revenge, but still refers the Wrong
 To him, to whom all Vengeance doth belong ;
 And can in inward Purity rejoice,
 Though *Virtue*'s branded with the Name of *Vice* ;
 That do in Joy such equal Temper know,
 That Sorrow cannot make it stoop too low,

Nor

Nor be afraid, although the World should frown,
~~Nor yet forget himself, through vain Renown ;~~
 That counts an Injury worth no Reward,
 Save only this, a noble Disregard ;
 That's unto slavish Fear so much a Stranger,
 That it undaunted meets approaching Danger ;
 Yea, high and low Estates can calmly bear,
 Without Disturbance or distracting Care ;
 That honours Virtue, though in Poverty,
 Rather than Vice, puff'd up with Dignity ;
 Whose equal Justice cannot vex his Foe,
 Nor spare his Friend, if that his Cause says, no ;
 Who, tho' in Pow'r, would not inflict a Wrong,
 Nor yet can see th' Oppressed suffer long,
 Without Relief ; but chearfully doth lend
 A Helping-hand to Enemy or Friend ;
 Whose Word's more binding than a golden Chain,
 Who steadfast to his Promise doth remain ;
 And will perform it, though no Ear attend,
 To testify betwixt him and his Friend ;
 Who, in great multiplicity, can find
 A calm and wisely recollected Mind ;
 Knowing, that Heav'n did never this ordain
 A Slave to Earth, but over it to reign :
 And having Treasure, which no Rust can rot,
 Doth use the World as if he us'd it not :
 And chearfully submit to Providence,
 (Not by Constraint) in what it doth dispence ;
 Whether in Storms or Trials ; for he knows
 That promis'd Comforts appertain to those
 That mourn ; or if his Lord and Master please,
 Can joy in Sun-shine, or more prosp'rous Days ;
 Knowing th' Eternal Wisdom never errs,
 Therefore sincerely in his Thoughts prefers
 That

That Will before his own ; so comes to learn,
 Wisdom and Love in all Things to discern ;
 Who need not boast what *Ancestors* have been,
 When all their Virtues shine more bright in him ;
 Which is a greater Honour than to be
 The Refuse of some famous Pedigree ;
 This knows such *Peace* the World can ne'er prevent,
 Here's that much sought-for, durable *Content*.

1680.

An EPISTLE to M. R.

THIS Opportunity did me invite,
Dear Cousin, tho' with scribbling Pen, to write
 These Lines unto thee, thus to manifest
 I have not yet excluded from my Breast
 Th' Remembrance of thee, neither Time nor Place,
 Though far remote, should cancel or deface
 The Monument of Friendship in that Mind,
 That is to th' everlasting Truth inclin'd.
 O may this always our Instructor be !
 Then shall we live in constant Amity :
 Let *Truth* in th' inward Part be always dear
 Unto thee, then thy Counsellor is near ;
 Who will instruct thee, how thou mayst behave
 Thyself at all Times, modest, meek and grave ;
 That thou mayst find that *Peace*, which doth excel
 All visible Enjoyments, and so dwell
 In undefiled Love, that will attend
 The truly humble Heart unto the End.

An

An EPISTLE to Cousin J. R.

COULD pious *Paul* desire that dreadful State,
 To be anathemiz'd, or separate
 From Jesus Christ, his high esteemed Lord,
 For *Israelites*, to whom the heavenly Word,
 The Promises and Law did appertain,
 The People unto whom the Cov'nants came,
 His Kindred in the Flesh ? Then how can I
 Be unconcern'd for thee, my near Ally ?
 No, no ; for Love, the universal Love,
 Which tenderly doth visit from above,
 Desires the Good of all ; takes no Delight
 That Sinners die in Sin, but doth invite
 All to return to him, and live ; for he
 Hath promis'd their Iniquity shall be
 Forgotten, they in Righteousness shall live ;
 And he, to them who overcome, will give
 A Crown of Life ; yea, they shall splendidly
 Be cloath'd with Robes of Immortality.
 Consider well these Things, *my Friend*, and learn
 To know what chiefly is thy great Concern ;
 That noble Off-spring of the Deity,
 Why should it be seduc'd with Vanity ?
 O come, and in true Lowliness of Mind,
 Receive Instruction ! *Seek, and ye shall find,*
 Is a sufficient Warrant to begin
 To seek the Piece of Silver, hid within
 The House, thy Heart ; redeem thy precious Time,
 And find it out. O let thy Mind incline

Unto

Unto the Voice, that doth in secret say,
As one behind thee, *This is Wisdom's Way,*
Walk in it ; this will lead to lasting Joys ;
Despise them not for transitory Toys.
Aim'st thou at Honour ? Know, a sudden Puff
Blasts it, and often leaves a stinking Snuff.
Ah, seest thou not, that here all vain Renown
Is dash'd and disannulled with a Frown ?
Seek Honour from above, and fear the Lord,
And hearken to his holy living Word,
Hid in thy Heart, that frequently reproves :
Wisdom rebukes, and chastens whom she loves.
But where there's no Reproof, there's Cause of Fear
Lest that the holy One cease striving there :
Such may too late bewail themselves, and say,
O that I might be spar'd another Day !
What can a wounded Spirit satiate,
When Soul and Body must be separate ?
Whilst therefore Time doth unto thee remain,
Take up the Cross, and own that holy Name,
Christ crucify'd, and risen from the Grave.
Whose *Life's the Light of Men*, that comes to save.
But what avails to read the History !
Unless we learn to know the Mystery :
For inwardly the Heart's defil'd with Sin,
Therefore Salvation must be wrought within,
By that which humbles, and that boweth down
To Judgment ; first the Cross and then the Crown.
The *Word* is as a Fire to purify
The Heart of Man from all Iniquity,
Before it be a Word of Consolation,
And bring the Soul glad Tidings of Salvation.
All this, *I hope*, thou know'st ; but he that knows it
Is not thereby approv'd, but he that does it :

The

The Doer of the Word is justify'd,
 Because he by the same is sanctify'd.
 Slight not the *Day of small Things*, lest there be
 Greater with-holden and conceal'd from thee.
 Was it not said, when *Ephraim* was a Child,
I loved him (that's lowly, meek and mild?)
 O be not high and lofty, but come down,
 With quick *Zachens*, if thou'lt gain the Crown
 Of Life and Peace, Hark, doth not Jesus say,
Salvation's come unto thy House this Day?
 If thou'lt receive it, cast it not away.

1680.

An E L E G Y.

THE fairest Flow'rs are not secur'd from Blasts,
 The strongest Tow'rs must unto Ruin yield,
 Each Visible unto its Period hastes,
 And by Retreat all call'd to quit the Field;
 Both Animals and Vegetables fall,
 Nature to common Change exposeth all:
 None can secure himself. Man, though possist
 Of that great Faculty, stil'd *rational*,
 May plead no Privilege above the rest,
 But stoop to th' Fate o' th' meanest Animal:
 Yet herein doth a mystick Grandeur lie,
 He hath a nobler Part can never die.

Altho'

Altho' remov'd from Converse with his Friend ;
 Relations and Acquaintance, are depriv'd
 Of his Society, Words can't extend
 T' unequal Objects ; some are therefore griev'd
 Thus to be separated from each other ;
 From a dear Father, or a tender Mother.

O can their Off-spring be so unconcern'd,
 As not a little to breathe forth their Grief,
 Where sympathetick Bowels often yearn'd,
 Yet cannot now administer Relief
 To either Side ! Survivers may complain,
 Mourn and lament their Absence, but in vain.

But yet we may a little ruminate
 On by-past Things, impress'd on the Mind,
 And (tho' with Grief) revolve that former State,
 When each in others Joys did Solace find ;
 And let their Virtues flourish in each Breast,
 And Mem'ries live, tho' they are gone to rest.

Ah, he is gone, who was a Father dear
 Unto his Off-spring, with a tender Eye,
 Waiting for Good, though seemingly severe,
 When careless Crimes enforc'd Severity :
 As famous Judges often Sentence give
 With Tears, so he with the *Chastiz'd* did grieve.

This dear Paternal Love did more engage
 His Childrens Hearts, than here may be express'd,
 Alluring (as it were) our tender Age
 To his Advice ; Love's Conquest is the best.
 Let others boast their forc'd Authority,
 Reigning like Tyrants in their Family.

Nor

Nor did he count it as his chiefest Care;
 To gather for them Superfluity,
 Knowing that Earth-bred Wealth is oft a Snare,
 Whereby the Heart's engag'd to Vanity:
 His gen'rous Spirit rather was inclin'd
 To furnish them with Treasures of the Mind.

And though, in outward Shew, he did appear
 Less forward in professing Things divine,
 His Heart was not without an holy Fear,
 Light in his Youthful Days began to shine,
 And shew to him the empty Vanity
 Of Rome's seducing Soul-Idolatry.

For when he was, by a related Friend,
 Solicited their Fancies t'entertain,
 Who urging (when his Life seem'd near its End)
 To die a *Catholick*, 'twas all in vain:
 The sacred Precepts of the blessed Truth
 Began to spring up in his blooming Youth.

So that, for all the Favours he receiv'd
 From that Relation, or great Hopes of more,
 By Promise due, he would not be deceiv'd
 To own those Principles he knew before
 Were Men's Inventions; thus Heav'n secretly
 Did shroud and keep him from such Subtilty.

And in succeeding Days did plainly shew
 A Way more excellent, a blessed Way;
 Whereby he, to his Satisfaction knew
 That Path, wherein Fools walking cannot stray:
 Now, let his Weakness be forgotten quite,
 And with his Dust be buried out of Sight.

His

His second Self, by him was well belov'd ;
Who, though she for a Season did survive,
That she by future Trials might be prov'd,
And by renewed Sorrows learn to grieve :
A second Love she never entertain'd,
But a chaste Widow many Years remain'd.

And if Affliction and Chastisement be-
Undoubted Characters of Father's Love,
Whose Prudence often in Severity
Doth, for Instruction to his Children, prove
A greater Favour than they apprehend :
She had her Share, and found it in the End.

Nor may her dear Affection be forgot
Unto her Off-spring, whom she taught the Law
Of filial Duty ; yet delighted not
So much through Fear, as Love, to keep in Awe ;
Austerity may gain a slavish Fear,
But natural Affection more endear.

She likewise, as her Consort did before,
Delighted much to gratify her Friend ;
If any her Assistance did implore,
She freely would reach forth a helping Hand ;
Thus studying Good, she sometimes griev'd to
Relations for small Trifles disagree. (see

Yea, she would rather bear an Injury,
Than recompence it ; rather reconcile
Dissenting Parties, through her Lenity,
Than seem t'encline to either for a while :
But these her Exercises now must cease,
And she rejoice in everlasting Peace.

Alas! that those, who knew her well, might learn,
By her Example, to become more mild,
And not account Revenge a just Concern
Nor study to revile, because revil'd ;
Such would more inward Consolation know,
Than from an angry Breast can ever grow.

Well, though both he and she be gone to Rest,
And cannot with our Sorrows now be mov'd,
Nor with the Frownings of this World oppress'd,
Wherewith some may as yet be further prov'd,
Their Names engraved in our Hearts, may
Be raz'd, or cancel'd, or in Time forgot. (not

Nor shall we study high Hyperboles,
So to perpetuate their Memory,
Or raise a Monument of common Praise,
Which cannot add to their Felicity ;
For they were what this insufficient Pen,
Cannot describe unto surviving Men.

1682.

An EPISTLE.

IS Friendship fled, or Love grown cold?
Do frozen Walls of Ice with-hold
Its pearly Streams? O let the Sun,
That gave it Being, shine upon
The brittle Fence! Or is some Skreen
Injuriously set up between
The gentle Spring, and that bright Ray
Which conquering Night, brings joyful Day?
Remove that Obstacle away
Then, though with Grief I may confess,
In Winter-time the Effects be less,
Because of Distance or cold Air,
Prevailing in our Hemisphere,
And interposing (for Sol's Power
Is still the same each Day and Hour)
It will dissolve the Frost in Time,
If its warm Ray thereon may shine;
Though vacant Clouds do interpose
Its pure refulgent Beam, and those
Inferior Concrets that have Birth
From the gross Element of Earth.
But stay; methinks a Spring should be
From Winter's chilling Force, more free
Than to be frozen! Inbred Heat
Is then, with purest Springs, more great;
And with its Current soon doth glide
Through Ice besetting either Side.
Let Love spring up, that we may see
The same Effects, dear Friend, in thee.

*The seventh EPISTLE to Cousin F. R. being
then under some Exercises of Mind.*

IN Love pure Sympathy, *endeared Friend,*
I know that secret Trials will attend,
And raise some Conflicts in thy tender Breast,
Such as by Pen cannot be well express'd :
But all Things shall, as left upon Record,
Convene for Good to them that fear the Lord.
Some latent Cause, from carnal Eye conceal'd,
May bring a Satisfaction when reveal'd
By that refulgent Light, whose sacred Ray
Leads on the Meek in Zion's pleasant Way ;
Whose Paths are Peace to them that persevere
To follow Jesus with an holy Fear ;
Jesus, the spotless Lamb, whose Pow'r surrounds
His Babes, when Tribulation most abounds :
Lean on his Bosom, for his Love extends
Abundantly unto his Bosom - Friends :
Who, tho' he in true Wisdom please to prove
Our Faithfulness, our Fervency of Love,
As he sees good : Yet there is never just
Cause or Occasion of the least Distrust
Of Loyalty in him ; who, whenas we
Were Strangers in a State of Enmity,
Nay, in a poor defil'd, polluted State,
Objects more likely for Disgust and Hate,
Did cast an Eye of Pity and of Love
On us, who had no Comeliness to move

The

The least Affection, till his gracious Hand
 Had washed, swaddled, had anointed, and
 Adorned with his Robe of Righteousness,
 And put upon us his own Comeliness :
 And, by his sacred Covenant, engage
 Our Hearts unto him in our tender Age :
 This, this is Love indeed ; O let it never
 Be quenched in our Hearts, but live for ever :
 This, this is Love worthy to be admir'd !
 Ah, this is he alone to be desir'd.
 Therefore contend not in the carnal Will,
 Tread Self-hood under Foot, watch and be still ;
 For all Additional's shall added be,
 By him who knows what's best for thee and me :
 In Resignation let us wait to know
 His Will fulfill'd, and living Praises flow
 Unto his holy ever-blessed Name,
 Who only's worthy in our Hearts to reign
 For evermore, eternally. *Amen.*

Ninth Month, 1682.

The eighth EPISTLE *to Cousin F. R.*

SHALL transitory Toys, vile Chaff and Dross,
 E'er be esteem'd and priz'd above the Cross ?
 The Cross of Christ, the Pow'r of God, whereby
 The holy Men of old did crucify
 The World and Self-hood ; and thereby obtain
 A Crown of Glory, over all to reign,
 With Zion's King, in everlasting Peace,
 Where Joys abound, but Grievs and Sorrows cease,

K 3

Ah !

Ah ! Shall that precious Seed, that hath been sown
 In Ground prepar'd, so soon be overgrown
 With *Briars & Thorns* ? Or must the scorching Ray
 And parching Heat of Trials, cause Decay
 In that once green, tho' tender sprouting Plant ?
 Hath it but little Root ? Or doth it want
 Refreshing Show'rs, or early Dews ? O see
 Why thus it seems to droop ! Why should it be
 So long neglected ? It may sprout again,
 If cherished with first and latter Rain,
 Which bount'ous Heaven will not too long deny,
 If *Disobedience and Idolatry*
 Do not provoke thereto : That gracious Hand,
 That planted it, can make a barren Land
 More fertile for its Sake ; and if he please,
 Can make a fruitful Land a Wilderness.
 Ah ! Let our Brearhings for each other be,
 That since we were from the wild *Olive-Tree*
 Remov'd and separated, that we might
 Be grafted in the Good, we may not flight
 The Hand that planted, nor the Root that bare us,
 Left we decay ; for can the Pruner spare us,
 That spar'd not natural Branches, if we be
 Unfruitful, but divide us from the Tree ?
 But that we ever may, as we depend,
 Upon the Root, feel Life and Sap ascend
 Into our Branches ; that pure Praise may spring
 And Fruits of Righteousness to *Zion's King*.

A Letter to Cousin F. R.

IN secret yearning for thy Preservation,
Endeared Friend, I send the Salutation
Of Love unfeign'd, and heartily desire
Its pure refining Flame may ne'er expire,
Or be extinguish'd: For 'twas said of old,
Iniquities abound, when Love grows cold.
Now, though thy silent Pen doth testify,
There's some yet latent Cause of Jealousy:
I'll not my Rival envy, if it be
One worthy to be entertain'd by thee,
Without Detraction from that innate Worth,
Whereto I hope thou art by second Birth
Entituled. But can Affairs so crow'd,
Or interpose, no Hour must be allow'd
To send some welcome Evidence of Love,
Which did so mutually engage and move,
Our Hearts and Pens so frequently to express
Their quondam Sympathy? Well, ne'ertheless
What's character'd in my poor pausing Mind,
I send unto thee, as by Love inclin'd;
Wishing thy candid Aspect on the same,
Or else annihilate them in a Flame.

3d of the Seventh Month 1683.

A Parable to Cousin F. R.

ON *Shiloh's* fruitful Banks, in Valleys low,
 A pleasant Garden flourish'd, where did grow
 And spring, with early Dews, each curious Plant,
 Some rich in Beauty, some in pleasant Scent :
 Amongst the rest a Lily budded forth,
 Which flourishing a while in native Worth ;
 One Time look'd out, t' observe and take a View
 Of some strange Plants, which in the High-way
 To her a scarlet Poppy then resorted, (grew :
 And with fine Academick Phrases courted ;
 Yea, did with florid Subtilty invade
 Her Innocence, and charmingly perswade
 To quit that close Confinement and become
 An Object more admir'd and gazed on :
 The Lily seem'd to listen, till thereby
 She was almost seiz'd by a Lethargy ;
 Scarcely regarding, that in unfenc'd Land
 She might be nip'd by some rash careless Hand,
 Or that she in the inclos'd Garden might
 Flourish, secur'd from Storm both Day & Night,
 And know the precious Dew of *Hermon's* Hill,
 Daily upon her tender Leaves distil.

A neighbouring Plant observing this, dismay'd,
 Unto the Master of the Garden, said,
 (In sympathizing Bowels) Dearest Lord,
 Be pleas'd to send thy pure prevailing Word,

To

To guard thy Lily ; let it not remain
Without thy Fence : Ah, with thy early Rain
Bedew and quicken ! Let it know, that there
Is Blasting and Decay, but Safety here
Within thy Walls, which are Salvation round
About thy Garden, for 'tis holy Ground.

3d of the Seventh Month 1683.

S O L I T U D E.

HOW sweet is harmless Solitude ?
What can its Joys controul ?
Tumults and Noise may not intrude,
To interrupt the Soul

That here enjoys itself, retir'd
From Earth's seducing Charms ;
Leaving her Pomp, to be admir'd
By such as court their Harms ;
While she, on Contemplation's Wings,
Soars far beyond the Sky,
And feeds her Thoughts on heav'nly Things,
Which in her Bosom lie.

Great Privileges here, of old,
The wise Men did obtain ;
And Treasure, far surpassing Gold,
They dig'd for not in vain.

The Tincture of Philosophers,
Here happily they found ;
The Musick of the Morning-Stars,
Here in their Hearts did sound.

Moses,

Moses, that meek and prudent Prince
 Of *Israel*, did with Joy,
 By th' burning Bush, experience
 This sacred Mystery ;

When in Retirement he withdrew,
 And led his tender Flock
 Beyond the Desert, he might view
 The Wonders of the Rock.

So Heaven's high honour'd Favourite,
 Did often choose to dwell
 Less for a Refuge, than Delight,
 Upon the Mount *Carmel* :

For in th' incensed Justice, he
 From Heaven call'd down Fire,
 To curb vain Man's Authority,
 That did by Force require

The holy Prophet to submit
 Unto their proud Command,
 Or to come down, till Heaven thought fit
 Thereto to condescend.

There's neither Stateliness of Court,
 Nor any frantick Mirth,
 Deluded Mortals childish Sport,
 Nor Glories of the Earth,

Can counterpoise that inward Peace,
 Which in her Bosom dwells ;
 Joys here abounding, Sorrows cease ;
 Delight all Grief expels.

Here may the Soul, secur'd from Noise,
 In Calmness meditate ;
 And waiting, hear the still small Voice,
 Which makes the Mountains shake.

But consoles the Soul and Mind,
As with a sweet Repose,
Which here, as from its Dross refin'd,
Participates of those
Diviner Joys, whereto by Birth
She hath a sacred Right ;
Which far transcends all Joys on Earth,
In spotless true Delight.
But those that covet to enjoy
The Sweets of Solitude,
Must bid adieu to Vanity ;
Not let the World intrude,
Like an alluring *Dalilah*,
Into their Privacy ;
For her Design is to betray
By subtil Flattery :
Which, who by Watchfulness doth learn
Discreetly to repel,
Such to their Solace, shall discern
Where perfect Peace doth dwell :
And in Retirement, always find
Such innocent Delight,
As fully satiates the Mind,
And plenteously requite,
Denial of all earthly Things,
Which ne'er can satisfy
The noble Soul, whose Solace springs
From Immortality.
The glorious Joys of Seraphims ;
For which each daily sings
High Praises, and melodious Hymns,
Unto the King of Kings.

A Meditation.

CAN I forget that Hand, that first did lay
My mean Foundation out of Dust or Clay?
Can I forget the Breath, that did inspire
My lifeless Mass with pure eternal Fire?
Can I forget the Word, that first said, *Live*;
And with its Virtue, Life to me did give?
Can I forget that Eye, that guideth me
With heav'nly Brightness through Obscurity?
Can I forget that holy Arm of Power,
That guards and keeps me safe, as in a Tower?
Can I forget that sweet celestial Bread,
By which, when hungry, I am nourished?
Or can my Soul ever unmindful be
Of those refreshing Streams that flow from thee?
Thou great eternal Fountain of all Good!
Whose Name by Mortals is not understood;
Nor can, by Letters, Words, or Sentences,
Be rightly comprehended as it is:
For thou art All in All; and who can say,
He can remember thee another Day?
Except thy holy Spirit still abide,
And lodge with us, to teach, direct and guide
Our Hearts & Thoughts, and quicken good Desires,
Whereby we long for thee, when thou retirest
To thy Pavillion, to thy secret Place,
So that we rest not, till we see thy Face:
For thou alone prepares true Rest for thine;
Though furious Men against the Saints combine,
Their

Their Habitation they can ne'er destroy,
By all their hostile Arts and Policy :
For it is founded on the Rock that shall
Abide ; and tho' Waves beat, shall never fall,
As faithful they remain to thee, thou art
Author of Faith, that shields from every Dart.
Ah, why should any doubt ? Thy Arm's the same
As ever ; all-sufficient to restrain
The *Wrath of Man*, though as a flowing Tide,
It seems resistless : If thou please to guide
Our feeble Footsteps in thy Path, we shall
Not be dismay'd, but follow thee through all
That would oppose : Thou art our chiefest Guard ;
Yea, thou art our exceeding great Reward.
Ah, take up thy Abode with us ! For we
Can find no resting Place except in thee.

1684.

Meditations on Persecution.

COLD hungry Seamen, tho' they oft endure
Day-dark'ning *Storms* and *Tempests*, to procure
The winged Treasures of this fading World ;
Although they run the Hazard to be hurl'd
On wrecking Rocks, or quick devouring Sands,
Or cast as Captives on some foreign Lands,
To spend their wretched Days in Misery,
Instead of what they sought for to enjoy,
Abounding Wealth, if to their wished Shore
They safe arrive ; venture again, yet more
Undaunted than at first, in hopes to be
With more Success, kept from those Dangers free.
Then

Then why should such Faint-heartedness appear,
 In *Israel's* Camp, that ought of right to fear
 None but the Lord ? Can any doubt, that have
 The Word of an almighty King, to save
 Them to the uttermost ? What ! though he seem
 To tarry long, his own appointed Time
 Is always best ; in greatest Streights, we do
 Wholly depend on, and acknowledge too,
 Salvation only from above ; for then
 We find, 'tis vain to hope for Help from Men.
 Ah, was not *Israel* thus beset ? Could they
 Encounter furious *Pharaoh's* Host, or th' Sea ?
 Yet was Deliverance near ; the Sea must be
 A Path to them, a Grave to th' Enemy ;
Pharaoh might follow, to his own Destruction ;
 Whilst *Israel* is prov'd, to gain Instruction :
 That these may learn whom they should chiefly fear,
 And whom to trust, when Tribulation's near.
 Ah, then in this our Gospel-Dispensation,
 Why should the Children of this Generation
 Seem so far wiser, or more valiant, than
 The sacred Off-spring of *Jerusalem* ?
 Those hazard Life for transitory Toys ;
 And shall not these, for everlasting Joys,
 Resign up Vissibles, yea, Life and all,
 To him that gave it, if he please to call
 To such a Trial ? Can we baulk the Way
 Wherein he leads, except we run astray ?
 We must through Exercises overcome,
 And bear the *Cross*, if we would wear the *Crown*,
 And fully follow him : The Recompence
 Will far exceed when we are parted hence.
 But who art thou, that art so loath to give
 Up an Estate ? A Thief may soon deprive

Thee

Thee of a greater Share, than he requires ;
 Some suffer more by Carelessness and Fires ;
 Which justly Heaven permits, to let them see
 How vain these poor, these trifling Treasures be.
 Or dost thou fear Confinement ? Heav'n may send
 Grievous Diseases, which Physician's Hand
 Cannot remove, and to th' uneasy Bed
 Make thee a Pris'ner when thy Health is fled.
 But if thou be confin'd for Jesus Sake,
 He will a Prison much more pleasant make,
 Than any spacious Palace : For he'll be
 Fulness of Joy, and saving Health to thee.
 Now, tho' some shun the Cross, as worldly wise,
 And from the Path of Truth apostatize,
 And yet the Judgments do not soon ensue,
 (Altho' they be in dreadful Vengeance due)
 So that the Wicked did of old aver,
Surely the Lord his Coming doth defer :
 Yet shall they not have Peace, but feel the Rod
 Of a displeased, of a jealous G O D ;
 Whose Word can never fail, although he try
 Some with Long-suffering, and great Clemency.
 Ah, kiss the Son, lest that his Anger be
 Incens'd ! For he alone can comfort thee :
 And let not any faint or start aside,
 Heaven will support his faithful Ones when try'd.

1684.

On DANIEL.

WHEN *Babel's* Grandees, by unjust Decree,
 With royal Signet, surreptitiously
 Obtain'd, and seal'd an Edict, that none should
 Exhibit a Request, or be so bold
 To make Petition, save unto their King,
 In thirty Days, in hopes thereby to bring
 T' inevitable Ruin, and destroy
 The Prophet *Daniel*, whose Sincerity,
 Was well approved ; Can we find, that he
 Was e'er so startled at the rash Decree,
 As to omit what formerly he knew
 Was an incumbent Duty, or to shew
 His Zeal for *Israel's* God ? But every Day
 Did he not, with his Window open, pray
 As formerly, and boldly supplicate
 For *Israel's* Seed in their afflicted State ?

Now some may say, *What Daniel, couldst not thou
 In Heart, and in thy private Closet bow,
 And make Petition in his Ear, that bears
 Deep Sighs and Groans, as well as louder Prayers ;
 But indiscreetly thus thyself expose
 A sought-for Prey unto thy watchful Foes ?*

No, no ; he stood not to consult his own
 Security, as knowing GOD alone,
 Whom he ador'd, was able to restrain
 The Wrath of Man, and in his sacred Name,

Support

Support his faithful Ones, though Trials should
Be heaped on them, even sevenfold ;
Or else would give the sweet Experience,
Of a desirable Deliverance.

Thus noble *Daniel*, when Spies attended,
He, as a Criminal, was apprehended
And cast, by Sentence of malicious Men,
Into the (now more gentle) Lions Den ;
Whither, approaching in the royal Robe
Of spotless Innocence, th' eternal God,
That holds the Lives of Creatures in his Hand,
Muzzled the Lions Mouth, with a Command
Of Abstinence ; and whisper'd in their Ear
Such Dread, that they durst not approach to tear
The *Angel guarded* Prey ; but still must wait,
Though Hunger-bit, for other courser Meat.
But *Babel's* King could not be unconcern'd,
For upright *Daniel* : Ah, his Bowels yearn'd
For this his faithful Subject : So that he
Could take no Rest, but early rose to see
What was become of him ; or if the Power
Of *Israel's* God, whom *Daniel* did adore,
Was able to preserve him from the Paws
Of those Devourers, and their rav'nous Jaws :
Whereof, when *Babel's* King was satisfy'd
By *Daniel's* Answer, who there testify'd
His Loyalty to Heaven, his Innocence
Towards the King, he's soon removed thence ;
Whilst his Accusers must become a Feast
For them that durst not touch the sacred Guest :
Th' eternal Arm's the same, his Love's the same,
To those that trust sincerely in his Name.
But those that doubt when he is pleas'd to prove,
And saw such signal Tokens of his Love,

L

Are

Are now but rarely seen, our Foe prevails
 Too much against us, whilst our Courage fails
 Do by Distrust and Doubting oft, I fear,
 Prevent those *Wonders*, which might else appear.
 Alas ! 'tis Faith that conquers ; he believ'd,
 And doubted not, and therefore was reliev'd :
 For he resisted even unto Blood,
 Therefore the Lord brought all about for Good
 Shall Man prescribe a Way for him, whereby
 His glorious Name he best may magnify ?
 A prudent General does not permit
 Such to appear in the Front, he knows unfit
 To bear the first Assault of the Enemy,
 But valliant Hearts, that cannot yield nor fly :
 Can then the everlasting Counsellor,
 The King of Kings, be more unskill'd in War ?
 No, no ; for he, the only wise Commander,
 Though of his meanest Soldier truly tender,
 Yet honours them in higher Place, that be
 Free to encounter Dangers cheartfully,
 And tho' proud *Gog* and *Magog* arm for Fight,
 Destruction from his *Sword* shall stop their Flight :
 They shall not scape from his All-seeing Eye,
 His Wrath shall overtake them suddenly :
 He, and his Saints must have the Victory.
 Then why should any weak and faint appear ?
 Though great *Goliath* glory in his Spear,
 And monstrous Stature, little *David* shall,
 Without *Saul's* Armour, make the Giant fall ;
 And bring Deliverance to *Israel's* Host,
 Tho' the *Philistines* long against them boast :
 And tho' Worm *Jacob's* Seed be often prov'd
 With Tribulations, he is still belov'd,
 And for his Sake great Kings shall be reprov'd.

The Lord of Lords will get himself a Name,
He'll overturn, and overturn again,
Until he come, whose Right it is to reign,
1685. Amen.

*Meditations concerning our Imprisonment only
for Conscience-sake, 1684, in Lancaster Castle.*

THO' the Eternal Wisdom, Zion's King,
Be pleas'd to try his Babes by Suffering:
Tho' some departing from the Sinner's Way,
And walking Zion-ward became a Prey;
Yea, though through Tribulation Israel must
Enter the promis'd Land, yet Heaven is just,
And tenderly supports his patient Ones,
Although he chastens his beloved Sons,
And though in Prisons outwardly they be
Confin'd, the Son of Love doth set them free,
And leads in verdant Plains of Liberty:
The fresh fat Valleys, where sweet *Shiloh* flows,
Upon whose fertile Banks the Lily grows;
Where, though he by some Exercises prove,
He solaceth with Flaggons of his Love.
Then why should any murmur? Jesus thus
Extended single Favours unto us.
Here are we with the hidden Manna fed,
Though with Transgressors we be numbered:
Here can we Prospect from our Tower survey,
With much more innocent Delight, than they

That range at large ; yea, here we may descry
 The pleasant Path, hid from the Vult'rous Eye :
 Wherein the *Righteous* follow *Christ* their King,
 And tender Shepherd, to the living Spring }
 Of Joy ; and to his Name high Praises sing.
 Nor can the proudest Walls (tho' ne'er so high,
 The Monuments of grave Antiquity)
 Be terrible to spotless Innocence,
 That knows the Rock of Ages a Defence.
 Though some be from their Families remov'd,
 Here *Mary's* Choice may better be improv'd :
 And *Christ* takes Care of his, although they sit
 As unconcern'd, weeping at *Jesus* Feet ;
 He'll be a Father to the Family
 Of such as, for his Name, in Prison lie, }
 And fill their Hearts with everlasting Joy.
 These rugged Walls, less grievous are to me,
 Than those bedeck'd with curious Arras be ;
 T' a guilty Conscience, to a wounded Heart,
 A Palace cannot palliate that Smart :
 Tho' drunk with Pleasure, dull with Opiates, }
 Some seem as senseless of their sad Estates,
 Till on their dying Bed *Conscience* awakes.
 But though the *Righteous* be in Bonds confin'd,
 They inwardly sweet Satisfaction find.
 Neither can stately Roofs, Gates, Bars, nor all
 The Art of Man, suppress the Cries and Call,
 Or Supplication, or the poorest Sigh,
 Of *Israel's* Seed, for his Redeemer's nigh ;
 Who will regard the Cries, and hear the Groans,
 Of his afflicted, tribulated Ones ;
 And will, in his appointed Time, arise
 Utterly to confound his Enemies.

Although

Although by them he for a Season prove
His Children dear ; he'll yet in Time remove
The Scourge, and cast the chaf't'ning Rod aside,
When *Israel's* Faith and Patience he hath try'd.

Now, tho' some rage, because we cannot bow
Unto their vain Traditions, since we know
The blessed Truth, which hath engag'd to give
Our Hearts to him, in whom alone we live :
Yea, tho' for this, some fret, and storm, and rage,
And study to afflict God's Heritage ;
Their Wrath's restrain'd by One, that if he please,
Can curb the furious, rowling, raging Seas,
As in a Moment ; and upon the Wave
Teach him to walk, and by his Presence save
From sinking, as of old ; his Art's the same,
Eternal Praises to his holy Name.

He is our Shield, our Sun, that penetrates
Our closest Rooms, and sweetly consoles
Our waiting Souls ; and with his quick'ning Ray,
Changes black Nights of Sorrow into joyful Day :
So that 'tis not the Terrors of the Night,
Nor Darts that fly by Day, that can affright
The righteous Souls, who walk in holy Fear ;
They know their Captain of Salvation's near,
The blessed *Prince of Peace*, their Joy, their King,
The only Fountain, whence true saving Comforts
(spring.

Sixth Month, 1684.

Another Letter to Cousin F. R.

AS Winter's tedious Nights to weary Eyes,
 As nipping Cold to chirping winged Flocks,
 Until the welcome Day-star doth arise,
 And light the Trees to shake their dewy Locks :
 Or as a Door close lock'd, to limit thee,
 E'en thee, to whom I send these hasty Lines,
 Such was thy tedious Silence unto me,
 Till now of late a better Aspect shines.
 For from thy bounteous Hand I have receiv'd,
 What I esteem more than the Miser's Gold ;
 If I for lieu of it should be bereav'd,
 Of the dear Inter'st which in thee I hold ;
 Surpassing that of Consanguinity,
 Which scarce obliges, but in Complements ;
 But cordial Friendship's lasting Unity,
 Hearts by endearing Virtue so cements,
 That Distance, tho' remote, can't separate ;
 Tho' interposing Business prevail,
 To hinder mutual Converse, and create
 Those Exercises which sometimes assail :
 That Adage, clouded to the World in Mists,
 Is in thy Conversation verifi'd ;
 Honour with true Nobility consists,
 And nothing more ridiculous than Pride.

Pride

Pride in Deportment, and in gaudy Dress,
Indulg'd by some to obtain a Monarchy,
Is shun'd by thee; thy Empire ne'ertheless
Extended further, than desir'd by thee.

Thou to the World in Plainness bravely shews,
Thou cover'st not the Troubles of her Noise;
Yet unawares obligingly subdues,
Far more than they that court her Vanities.

Pride's gaudy Captives strive to dazzle Eyes,
But thy sweet Gravity affects the Heart,
Yet such sometimes gain Conquest by Surprise;
But whom thou overcomes, own due Desert.

Yet were thy Virtue and thine Honour less,
If such Ambition found a Place in thee,
As frequently attends the gaudy Dress,
T' insult o'er those ta'en in Captivity.

But tho' thou canst not totally redress
Such Expectation, as some seem to have,
Yet by a prudent Mein and Gentleness,
Would loose the Fetters, that so far enslave;

And innocently ever dost extend
Such candid Favours, as may best agree
To those whom thou vouchsafes to own thy Friend,
And yet kept from reflecting Censure free.

But thy great Zeal for true Religion shines
In Life and Conversation, ev'n as far
Above what others talk these cloudy Times,
As the Day-Ruler doth a twinkling Star.

For in thy blooming Years, thy tender Mind
Was influenced with such warm Desires
Of Holiness; and so to Good inclin'd,
As Love, and Power divine, alone inspires.

Nor didst thou take Religion upon Trust,
But wisely sought to know its Basis ; and,
Noble *Berean* like, so wise and just,

To search the Records of divine Command :

Which *having prov'd*, thou heard'st, & then obey'd ;
And with a right composed Heart and Mind,
Bow'd to the Truth ; so Truth its Scepter sway'd,
And thou therein dost Peace and Solace find.

And tho' at first the frowning World assay'd,
By Scornings and Revilings, t' have deterr'd
From Goodness, thy great Soul was not dismay'd,
But this, before her Vanities, preferr'd :

So Things that once seem'd difficult, became
More easy ; and the glorious shining Light,
That first but glimmer'd in the Dark, the same
Broke out more bright, & overspread the Night.

Thus what seem'd once impossible, appear'd
To thy great Satisfaction ; and thine Heart
(Thy Understanding being fully clear'd
Enjoy'd the Choice of *Mary's* better Part,

Which from the Righteous may not be remov'd :
They know Salvation near, *Truth* is their Choice ;
And tho' such be with Exercises prov'd,
They have the Earnest of eternal Joys.

1690.

On

On FRIENDSHIP.

Amongst the many *Records* I have read, (ed,
And *Transcripts*, thro' the *World* much scatter-
I've met with several Hints and Whisperings,
Of an abstruse Grand-Property, that springs
From some interior, hidden, innate Cause,
In noble Breasts, uncircumscrib'd by Laws,
Styl'd *Friendship*, which of such a Nature is,
That many think they know it when they miss.
But 'tis suppos'd of such sweet Innocence,
Of so divine and sacred Influence,
When it doth in true tender Hearts prevail,
That when occurrent Troubles would assail,
It guards, as doth a Bulwark, either Breast,
Where it resides, and taketh up its Rest.
But O! this treacherous World knows little of it,
Except it be in Name, whereby to scoff it.
For now, though some affected with the Name,
Would be suppos'd touch'd with its noble Flame.
They scorn its Dictates, and will not regard
A troubled Friend, except some fair Reward
Appear in View; their Business or their Pride
Engrosses all; Self may not be deny'd.
O when will Mortals raise their Eyes to see,
That all Things here are only Vanity!

1691.

On

On the Three Holy Children.

WHen conq'ring *Babel's* Foes were subjugate,
 And fair *Jerusalem* depopulate,
 King *Nebuchadnezzar* triumphed in Pride,
 And his Concerns of War seem'd laid aside :
 Who glorying in his Strength, not in the Lord,
 Formed a golden God to be ador'd,
 Now this great Image, made by mortal Hand,
 Must worship'd be (such was the King's Command)
 Tho' senseless, helpless, tho' he ne'er could bless
 Their Warlike Enterprizes with Success ;
 But 'tis the King's Decree, and then who dare
 Resist, but such as do a Greater fear ?
 The Sentence is, *The fiery Furnace must*
Consume the Rebel's Body unto Dust.
 Yet they were captive *Jews* of royal Blood,
 Who, in their Zeal for *Israel's* God, withstood
 That cursed Edict, that vain Law reject.
 That Decree with them, had small Effect :
 Then the Informers, that observ'd the *Jews*,
 And sought for an Occasion to accuse
 The Innocent, (as some do now) drew near ;
 And first, to gain Acceptance in his Ear,
 Said, *Live, O King, for ever ! Thou hast made*
A firm Decree, which some have not obey'd ;
E'en three conceited Jews, who neither thee
Regard, nor to thy Gods do bow their Knee.
 O how his Fury doth at this arise !
 That any should his golden God despise :

His

His Visage doth its native Features change ;
His Eyes, with sparkling Rage, proclaim Revenge :
Therefore, at his Command, they all in haste
The Persons of the Innocent arrest ;
Call'd *Shedrach*, *Mesbach*, and *Abednego*,
And they before the wrathful King must go
To prove the Matter, and, it seems, to try
If they would bow ; which when they still deny,
As knowing, he alone that did create
The Fire, and all Things else, could soon abate
Its Violence ; and from the threatening Hand
Of *Babel's* King, deliver them who stand
In Awe to none but him, and fear not Man ;
But dread the living God, who only can
Kill and destroy, or save and keep alive ;
For he to Man doth Life and Being give,
This they believing, did not study how
To answer ; but resolved not to bow
To any, but the Lord : Although the King
Seem'd, in his Wrath, to count it as a Thing
Impossible, that any God could be
So potent, to withstand his fierce Decree.
But great JEHOVAH did that Law confound ;
For when all *Three* were in their Vestments bound,
And cast into the furious fiery Flame,
Th' Eternal Word did pow'rfully restrain
Its proper Quality, and so surround
Them with Defence, no Harm on them was found :
Yet did the Fire retain its former Vigour,
And manifest it with resistless Rigour,
Against those Men, who bold to execute
The King's Command, the Just did persecute :
Which, when *Nebuchadnezzar* saw, dismay'd,
He rose in Haste, and to his Nobles said,

Were

*Were not Three Men cast bound into the Flame?
 They answer'd, True : The King repli'd again,
 Now, in the Midst thereof, behold, I see,
 Four Men walk loose, and from their Fetters free,
 Whereof the Fourth seems cloath'd in Majesty,
 As Son of the immortal Deity.*

Thus was the Lofty forced to confess,
 There was a Power above him, and to bless
 The God of *Israel* ; set his Servants free,
 That, trusting in him, would not bow the Knee
 Unto, or serve another than the Lord,
 Their only God ; but, as with one Accord,
 Did yield their Bodies to his Will, that they
 Might magnify him in their Trial-day.
 Consider now, had they not faithful been,
 The captive Seed of *Israel* had not seen
 That great Deliverance, so signally
 Wrought for them, that in true Simplicity,
 Resign'd themselves, their All, unto the Lord,
 Who is alone worthy to be ador'd :
 Nor *Babel's* Monarch been constrain'd to bless
 His holy Name, who reigns in Righteousness ;
 Deposing Kingdoms unto whom he sees
 Most fit, and changing Men's perverse Decrees,
 Lord, may thy Wisdom, in these latter Days,
 Limit, or turn Man's Wrath unto thy Praise !
 Put thou an Hook into the Jaws of those,
 That study politickly to oppose,
 Thy Works of Love and Wonder in the Land,
 And with their Subtilty seek to withstand
 The Progrès of despised *Israel*,
 In their Return towards the holy Hill,
 Zion, the sacred Mount of thy Renown,
 Which *Babylon* hath sought to batter down,

But

But never shall prevail ; although she seem
To sit in Pomp, like to a stately Queen,
That sees no Sorrow ; all her Pride is vain ;
For fall she must, and never rise again ;
The Time's appointed : Then shall Zion rise,
And triumph over all her Enemies.

The Conclusion of a Letter to Cousin F. R.

NE'er let the Prospect of so great Estate
Dazzle those Eyes, which I presum'd of late,
Could from on high, with brave Disdain, look down
On this World's fading Glory ; since a Crown
Of Life is promis'd for a Recompence
Of hearty, true, sincere Obedience,
Unto the faithful Soul, whose strong Desires
Are centred in that Joy that ne'er expires.
Ah, let Enough suffice : Could Poverty
Be Advocate, 'twould plead Excuse for thee :
But if we grasp at Riches that are vain,
Then how is our Religion strong and plain ?

A Meditation.

A Meditation.

LORD, teach me patiently to follow thee,
 Thro' thy sore Travails, thro' thine Agony,
 Which thou so meekly didst endure for me,
 'Mongst such unworthy Worms as wounded thee,
 Piercing thee fresh with our Iniquity:
 Teach us to suffer, till we reign with thee.

*Amen.**To her Friend M. J.*

LET us, *my Friend*, all peevish Self withstand,
 And in the Meekness of the spotless Lamb,
 Lead one another gently by the Hand,
 And travel forward to the holy Land,
 Where the Redeemed on Mount Zion stand,
 With Harps of living Praises in their Hand.

A Meditation.

A Meditation.

ETernal Love, before whose glorious Face
All Times are present, filling ev'ry Place;
Uncircumscribed, unexcluded! Can
Thy boundless Mercy to forgetful Man
Be told? Or can thy long Forbearance be
Enough admir'd? Great dreadful Majesty!
Ah, let my Soul, in a true living Sense
Now ruminate on the sweet Influence
Of that abounding Goodness, which from thee
Did freely reach to such a Worm as me!
The Beast, that cleaves the Hoof, & chews the Cud,
Was by the ancient Law proclaimed good:
As thou'rt pleas'd to enjoin thine *Israel*,
In humble due Acknowledgement, to tell
Thy mighty Wonders, each one to his Friend,
Whereby thou brought'st 'em to the *promis'd Land*.
So 'mongst the many Favours, Lord, of thine,
May I now call to Mind that doleful Time;
Wherein, as pondering of my State, I found
(Though Life and Virtue doth with thee abound)
Myself as one of those dry senseless Bones,
Which lay in th' open Valley, which thou once
Did'st shew thy Prophet, all exceeding dry,
Until thou pleas'd to cast a tender Eye
Of Pity on them, and the Answer give
Unto that great Demand, *Can dry Bones live?*
By breathing on them, when thy gracious Hand
Had gather'd them, and by thy bless'd Command
Cloath'd

Cloath'd them with Flesh : *Great King!* thy Pow'r's
 It was of old, and cannot move in vain. (the same
 Thus, though at first my miserable State
 Seem'd unto me doleful and desperate,
 How soon thou in the Bone didst broach a Spring,
 Which to my Soul did sweet Refreshment bring.

Friendship tried.

TH O' it surpasseth Winter's Skill
 T' impede the flowing Tide,
 Which from the Spring in *Hermon's Hill*
 Each Moment is supply'd :
 Though Icy Walls cannot immure
 Its crystal Streams, that run secure ;
 Nor yet the scorching fiery Beams
 Of Summers' Heat exhale,
 Or to drink up those purling Streams,
 Which all its Drought prevail ;
 Which, ever flowing freely, bring
 Their Treasures from a living Spring.

Yet have I seen a pretty Well,
 Deriv'd from Showers of Rain,
 Which into Nature's Cistern fell,
 And did some Time remain ;
 By Summer's Drought, exhal'd away,
 And vanish in a scorching Day.

So little Brooks and Torrents flow,
While they have fresh Supply
From the distilling Clouds, but grow
(When most they 're wanted) dry,
Like *Cherib's* Brook, whose pleasant Stream
Ceas'd, when the *Drought* was most extream :

So common Kindnesses may flow
In some sinister Hearts,
And petty Favours seem to grow,
Whilst sometimes they impart
Renewed Bribes, in hopes t' obtain
The Stock, with Int'rest, back again.

But then, if any Fret arise,
Or Disappointment come,
How soon Upbraiding testifies,
True Friendship found not Room
Within those narrow bounded Breasts,
The Lodging of Self-Interest.

True Friendship, that from Virtue springs,
Doth so enlarge the Mind,
It cannot be block'd up with Things
Of such a servile Kind,
As makes dull Misers fret and rage
In this our mercenary Age.

'Tis not the nipping stormy Winds
Of sharp Adversity,
Nor Winter's Frost, can chill the Minds,
Or stop the Sympathy,
Which with unfeigned Love doth flow,
Where Friendship doth sincerely grow.

M

A Meditation.

A Meditation.

HOW long will Man forget himself,
And be so much inclin'd
To treasure up that sordid Pelf,
Which he must leave behind ?
And seek these Vanities on Earth,
Which quickly come to nought ;
A little Jollity and Mirth
Is often dearly bought :
Fools for the Belly sell away
Their Birth-right to the Wise ;
What's this Inheritance ? Cry they :
Thus they for Trash despise
That Treasure, which no Thief can steal,
No Canker-worm nor Rust
Can e'er corrupt : And 'tis by Seal
Confirmed to the Just ;
Who, though they here may suffer Loss,
It shall become their Gain,
If patiently they bear the Cross,
They shall the Crown obtain.
But those who choose their Portion here,
Shall wail in Misery,
Because such would not lend an Ear
To th' Voice of Wisdom's Cry ;
Who call'd to lead them in the Way,
Where no Destroyer's found,
Nor any hurtful Beast of Prey
Can tread this holy Ground.

The Vult'rous Eye here cannot spy ;
But yet the humble Mind,
That seeks in true Simplicity,
This pleasant Path may find ;
And, though unlearned, cannot err,
Led by a sacred Guide,
Unto a Habitation, where
True Comforts are enjoy'd.
Then why should Men unmindful be
Of their more noble Part,
The Off-spring of Eternity,
As wholly to invert
The sole Use of their Intellects,
To gain a fading Toy,
This faithless World ; while they reject
True everlasting Joy ?
They snatch at Shadows here, and flight
The Substance that remains
For ever : Thus they, in the Night,
Walk on to endless Pains ;
If they persist to wander there,
And carelessly contemn
The springing Light that doth appear
Thence to deliver them :
Then why, alas ! should they destroy
Their Hopes of lasting Treasures,
And rest contented, sordidly
To share with Beasts in Pleasures ?
Since Wisdom hath prepar'd a Feast,
Her Tables furnished,
That Fools may now become her Guests,
And feed on Heav'nly Bread.

Indeed the Wise in their own Eyes,
Are fill'd with vain Conceit ;
Such will the Honey-comb despise,
Yet shall the Hungry eat,

Till satisfy'd, and with Delight
Walk on in Wisdom's Way ;
Knowing the Light expels the Night,
And brings in perfect Day ;

Whereby they see Things as they be,
And so are taught to choose
Eternal Life in Purity,
But Sin and Death refuse.

There's no abiding City here ;
Seek one that shall remain :
To Wisdom's Counsel lend an Ear ;
True Godliness is Gain ;

Where the contented Mind is known,
There is a sweet Increase
Of Solace, where the Soul lies down
In everlasting Peace ;

True Peace and Joy, not to be found
In vain terrestrial Things :
Pure holy Praises then abound
Unto the King of Kings ;

Who from on high, with tender Eye,
Look'd down, and pleas'd to send
Wisdom to call, whose Voice and Cry
Doth unto all extend.

Of a happy Life.

SHALL we exclude from a sedate,
 Sweet, happy, and contented State,
 The honest Man, that lives in Health,
 Enjoying still sufficient Wealth,
 Though not from an Inheritance,
 But sure Supply from Providence?
 Estate by Industry can find,
 But treasures Goodness in his Mind;
 Though boasting no Nobility,
 Nor Honours, from a Pedigree;
 But rather can, with Tully, * tell,
 He doth his Ancestors excel;
 Yet is not overclog'd with Care;
 Can Time for Mind and Body spare;
 Can feed and sleep in Season, free
 From superfluous Luxury;
 That hath an equal loyal Spouse,
 An handsome habitable House;
 Inherited, or purchas'd, that
 He need not fear the sullen Threat
 Of griping Landlord; but if not,
 Finds true Content in any Lot;
 Since in the Closet of his Mind
 Dwells Solace not to be defin'd,
 Hath a just Friend, that cannot be
 Transformed in Adversity;
 And what's more happy, yet more strange!
 He's always ready for a Change.

* Ego me
 Majoribus
 Virtute
 præluxi.

On DAVID and JONATHAN.

AR E learned Pens solicitous t' express
 Idle Chimera's in romantick Dress?
 And shall the Fame of these heroick Friends,
 Be thought a Theme unworthy of such Pens?
 Where a more Princely Pattern can we find
 Of loyal Friendship, and a nobler Mind,
 Than shines in *Jonatban*, *Saul's* famous Son?
 Whose Heart to *David*, since the Conquest won
 From great *Goliath*, was so firmly knit,
 That no Self-Int'rest could e'er alter it:
 Such potent Love sprang in his royal Breast,
 That he disrob'd himself, to cloath his Guest;
 And gave his Garments, Girdle, Sword, & Bow,
 Whether he did, by sacred Instinct, know
 He should his Father in the Throne succeed;
 (Can Man divert what Heaven hath decreed?)
 And though the *Kisbite* politicly told,
 While *Jesse's* Son surviv'd, he never should
 Establish his Dominion, or advance
 His royal Scepter: Yet since Providence
 Had so dispos'd it, he, with pious Mind,
 Serene from Envy, had in Heart resign'd
 His Kingly Pow'r to *David*: For had he
 Been false in Heart, some Trick of Treachery
 Had broken forth, his Honour to obscure;
 Yet *David* other Ways been kept secure.
 But O his brave heroick Soul disdain'd
 Ignoble Projects; yea, a Crown so stain'd

With

With Breach of Friendship : Ah, how did he plead
With furious *Saul*, and nobly intercede
For absent *David*, till he did provoke
To (had it hit) a sad and fatal Stroke
Against himself ? Then meekly he withdrew,
And at th' appointed Season went to shew
This unto him, whose Life seem'd to depend
On the Fidelity of such a Friend ;
Who (pre-advis'd) did privately attend
The Prince's Coming ; where, with mutual Grief,
Leave to depart, was then the sole Relief
Time did afford : With Tears, and great Increase
Of Sorrow, *David* is dismiss'd in Peace.
But *David*, truly worthy such a Friend,
Remember'd this, when Heaven had put an End
To Rivalry of Rule, and call'd away
The noble Prince ; left here his longer Stay
Might seem to eclipse his great renowned Name,
Had he surviv'd to see another Reign :
David yet grateful (when with watry Eyes,
He had bewail'd his near Friend's Exequies,
And griev'd that he was by *Philistines* slain,
'Gainst whom his Sword was never drawn in vain,
Until that dismal Day, that Heaven's Decree
On wretched *Saul* must executed be)
Sought out Occasion how to manifest
The Effects of Friendship in his Kingly Breast ;
And to the Off-spring, gently did extend
The Favours due to his deceased Friend ;
Mephibosheth, though *Saul's* Posterity,
(*Saul's*, that was of such noted Enmity
To *David*) being Son to *Jonathan*,
Must dwell at Court, the King will entertain

Him at his Royal Table, gives Command
For the Surrender of *Saul's* State and Land.
Was *David* valiant? Did he, void of Fear,
Assail and slay a Lion and a Bear,
And with undaunted Courage overcome
The warlike *Gathite* with a little Stone?
But, which prefer'd him more than all the rest,
An upright Heart he bore within his Breast.
Was not his friendly Rival *Jonathan*,
Renown'd for Valour too? The only Man
That, with his Armour-bearer, overthrew
The proud *Philistines*, ere his Father knew
With whom he left the Host of *Israel*,
Whilst the proud Garrison before him fell,
With Dread and Trembling; *Israel* mean while
Amaz'd, made haste but to pursue and spoil:
Yet did he not out-brave his loyal Friend,
But by majestick Meekness recommend
That true Nobility of Mind, that brings
A greater Honour than the Name of Kings.
For though his Sword many *Philistines* slew,
And *Israel's* Foes he bravely did subdue;
Yet did that Love and Friendship in his Breast,
Embalm his honour'd Name above the rest
Of his renowned Virtues, and engage
Immortal Fame in each succeeding Age.

On MODESTY and CHASTITY.

O How is this luxurious World beguil'd !
That spotless Modesty seems quite exil'd ;
And Chastity cashier'd, or banish'd hence,
Left her prevailing powerful Influence
Should tincture human Hearts with holy Awe,
And deeply there engrave the royal Law ;
Which few regard, though of a vast Extent,
Although its Precepts teacheth to prevent
The sad Effects, Grief, Shame, and Obloquy
That still attend them that slight Modesty.
For Chastity, sits as with awful Grace,
Enthron'd i' th' Heart, and sweetly in the Face
Holds forth its Ensign, Modesty as 'twere
A Flag of Peace, which, when it doth appear,
It bids Defiance to th' voluptuous Mind,
Although to Hospitality inclin'd ;
And doth with friendly Treatments entertain
Those that converse therewith, without a Stain,
Or base Extravagance of wanton Look,
Wherewith deluding *Syrens* bait their Hook,
To catch unstable Hearts with seeming Joy,
Though the Design is chiefly to destroy.
No, here's a pure, tho' far more potent Charm,
That, as a Castle, daunts approaching Harm
With simple Innocence, whose chiefest Care
Is to prevent, rather than plant a Snare.
Then why should either Sex claim Liberty,
Beyond the Confines of sweet Modesty ?

It

It seasons Words, and fairly regulates
 Deportment, both to high and low Estates ;
 It crowns the Man with Comeliness : But she
 That wants it, deserves Shame and Infamy.

Retirement.

O Whither is my *Love* withdrawn ? And where
 Shall I direct my Steps to find him near,
 And fear no prying Eyes, nor list'ning Ear ?

Ah ! Whither shall I now repair to find
 A solitary Place to ease my Mind,
 To him that can my Foes in Fetters bind ?

Ah, Lord ! with-hold not those *replendent Beams*,
 Nor stop the Current of those *crystal Streams*,
 Which would both heal my *Wounds*, and cleanse my
 (Stains,
 Spring ! Spring ! O Fountain of Felicity !
 And let sweet *Shiloh's* Stream flow forth, that I
 May drink and be refreshed ; or else I die.

Appear, thou great High-priest of *Israel* !
 Who in that vast Eternity dost dwell,
 Whose perfect Beauty, Tongue can never tell.

O can my Soul but much affected be
 With those enam'ring Rays that dart from thee,
 Great Spring of Light ! O teach me fervently

To wait for thee ! whose Love is still inclin'd
To favour *Israel's* Seed, whose Heart and Mind
Is unto thee unfeignedly resign'd.

Tho' Mortals cannot see thy Face, and live ;
Yet to thy royal Seed thou 'rt pleas'd to give
This Princely Favour, this Prerogative.

Lord, cast thine Eye upon a Worm, whose State
Is even like a Widow desolate !
Remove, consume all that would separate,

Or interpose betwixt my Love and me :
O rend the Veil throughout, that I may see
My Soul's chief Darling ! Ah, thou, thou art he,

That stands behind the Wall, and there dost wait
To shew thyself, when thine do supplicate
To see thee near ; then dost thou satiate

The Pure in Heart : Altho' thou please to try
Their Zeal, their Fervour, their Sincerity
To thee ; whose Presence, Lord, is always nigh,

On SOLOMON'S Request.

(give
Great *Solomon*, t' whom Heaven was pleas'd to
 A Token of his Favour, when requir'd
 To ask and have ; 'twas not that he might live
 To numerous Years, or Riches he desir'd,
 Nor yet the Fame of outward Victory,
 But that his Heart true Wisdom might enjoy.

Who, when he had this great Request obtain'd,
 Esteeming it above the finest Gold,
 Other more mean Enjoyments also gain'd ;
 He learn'd by this, Enigma's to unfold ;
 And saw by this, all Things below the Sun
 Were Vanity, and must to Period come :

And while to this he rightly was inclin'd,
 His Steps were guided in the Path of Peace ;
 His understanding Heart and Princely Mind
 In Wisdom's Secrets daily found Increase :
 He then experimentally could tell,
 Her Price all glistring Rubies did excel.

For this alone gives true Nobility,
 Rightly instructing Princes, how to reign,
 As with a righteous Scepter : 'Tis hereby
 The Magistrate bears not the Sword in vain,
 To punish or protect ; but knows t' extend
 Mercy and Justice with impartial Hand :

Therefore

Therefore a Terror only unto them,
 Whose Acts and Deeds are Evil ; but a Praise
 To Wisdom's Children. Thus the Diadem
 Of Princely *Solomon* gave forth such Rays,
 As dazzled the Beholders : Majesty
 Shin'd in his Wisdom to each wond'ring Eye,

Much more than in the Plenty of his Gold,
 Or sparkling Gems, common to other Kings ;
 'Twas none of these, when niggard Fame had told
 His *Name* in *Sheba's* Court, that from thence brings
 That famous *Queen*, whose Heart was set on fire
 To prove the Truth, his Wisdom to admire.

Where secret Wisdom dwells, at her right Hand
 Are Length of Days, & Peace, wherewith to bless
 Those that attend on her, and always stand
 As at her Door, the Gate of Righteousness :
 With *Wealth* & *Honours* her right Hand requites
 Those whom she's pleas'd to own her *Favourites*.

But Words, alas ! cannot enough set forth
 Its Excellence, nor Tongue of Man declare
 True Wisdom's Price, according to its Worth :
 She dwells i'th' *bumble Heart*, that's fill'd with Fear
 Of the Almighty ; and all those that have her,
 Find Substance that remains, yea, endless
 (Treasure,

A Meditation.

O Who would think, all outward Foes might be
Suppress'd and conquer'd, much more easily
Than that insulting Tyrant in the Heart,
Which there usurps, and acts the Traitor's Part!
For though a Man externally reform
His Actions, so that strictly he perform
The Precepts of the Law; 'tis all in vain,
If he the accursed *Achan* entertain
In his polluted Breast: This will expose
Him to the Fury of all outward Foes;
Whom otherwise he might with Ease repel,
Did not this Traitor in his Bosom dwell.
We'll therefore wait, to feel the searching Power,
By its enlight'ning Influence, discover
This cursed *Achan*, that the Camp may be
Entirely sanctify'd to follow thee,
Israel's victorious King, who truly dost
Watch with a tender Care o'er *Israel's* Host:
For 'tis a Task, surpassing human Skill,
Rightly to govern and direct the Will,
Let therefore Heart and Will be still resign'd
To thee, with a free, fervent, humble Mind.

Contemplation.

Contemplation.

GREAT Prince of Peace ! When I incline
 To wait on thee,
 Thou say'st in secret, Thou art mine ;
 Thou'ft purchas'd me ;
 Not with corruptible or fading Things
 But with a Price that far exceeds *the Crown of Kings.*

Ah, Lord ! Who can enough admire
 Thy boundless Love,
 Which doth so far surpass Desire,
 Yea, often prove
 Beyond what might expected be by me,
 Unworthy of the smallest smiling *Glance* from thee.

O gracious Love ! Thy Sweets excel
 All Things below :
 Alas ! Earth's Beauty cannot parallel
 Thy meanest Glimpse, I know ;
 For one's an Earnest of ne'er-fading Joy :
 The other's an ensnaring Soul-deluding Toy.

Thy smallest gentle Ray invites
 Our Souls to taste
 Those never-fading fresh Delights,
 Which always last ;
 And, as desir'd, - more increase,
 Unto the humble, holy Child of Peace.

Mark

Mark how the Taper's feeble Light,
With glimm'ring Ray,
Gilds as it were the Shades of Night,
Instead of Day ;
But what's its Lustre, when the Sun appears
T' illuminate our doleful Hemispheres !

So tho' Earth's Pleasures sometimes do,
With seeming Joys,
Allay small Sorrows, mitigate a Woe,
That from her Toys
Proceeds, and vex the grovelling Soul that feeds
Upon her empty Husks, and noisome Weeds.

Yet when the Brightness of thine Eye
Doth from above
Discover dark deluding Vanity,
And with its Love
Invite ; how less than nothing then are those
Fondly ensnaring Toys, and flatt'ring Shows,

Which only by Reflections do
Produce Remorse
In th' injur'd Conscience, to increase the Woe
That will with Force
Fall upon those that dote on fading Toys,
But slight the Light that leads to endless Joys ?

Ah then, who can enough admire
Thy Love, thy Light !
Who can but long, with strong Desire,
For such Delight !
This is the Light of Life, fades not away,
But shines more bright unto the perfect Day.

Of

Of FRIENDSHIP.

Virtue is the right *sacred Spring*, whence flows
 Those *crystal Streams*, whereby *true Friendship*
 That dear Affection, that firm Unity, (grows ;
 That interwoven free Community :
 Which so engageth Hearts and Minds together,
 No stormy Sea, nor utmost Lands can sever
 These willing Captives : For the gen'rous Mind
 Is not by Place, though far remote confin'd.
 True Friends, when they by Distance are bereaven
 Of verbal Converse, have their Names engraven
 In one another's Hearts, which cannot be
 Cancell'd or raz'd by Earth's vain Obloquy :
 Yet, lest the same should, as a glimm'ring Spark,
 Seem to expire, as buried in the Dark,
 There is by Mediums (if the Place deny
 Them, *viva voce*, free Community)
 Reciprocal Reflections of its Beams
 Unto each other, couch'd in fable Streams ;
 Though the abounding Solace doth increase,
 When Friends converse together Face to Face ;
 Then freely they unbosom their Requests,
 And treasure Secrets in each others Breasts,
 As in firm Cabinets, close lock'd, where none
 Can find the Key, but only each his own.
 Is one oppress'd with Grief ? He lays a Share
 Upon his Friend, that he may help to bear :
 Swims one in Solace ? Finds the Cause of Joy ?
 'Tis then re-doubled by Community :

N

Mourns

Mourns one? The other mourns: Doth one rejoice?
 His second Self then, both in Heart and Voice,
 Doth sympathize: True Friendship may not be
 Without an inward secret Sympathy.
 But fawning Parasites, though they pretend,
 In Complement to be each others Friend,
 For meer Self-Int'rest, or some close Design,
 Become if not proud Enemies, in Time
 Absolute Strangers; and so manifest
 True Friendship ne'er was ground'd in their Breast.
 Altho' there was some formal Shew, whereby
 Some were deluded, through Hypocrisy,
 To impart their hidden Secrets, which are now
 Made Proclamations, with a scornfull Brow;
 Nor are Reproaches, taunting Calumnies,
 Backbiting, railing, other Injuries,
 With-held, as Opportunity affords (Swords;
 Them, Vents for Wrath, with either Tongue or
 Surely, because such do not rightly know it (grow:
 That innate Spring, which makes true Friendship
 For this, by Covenant, doth so engage
 Their noble Hearts, that no Self-wounding Rage
 Can here prevail, or once dissolve the Knot
 Friendship hath try'd: Mistakes are soon forgot,
 If any int'pose, or would present
 Some Crime, to cause a Frown or Discontent.
 There's Charity in friendly Breasts, that heals
 Such Scars, whereby true Love, not Rage, prevails:
 And when it is unto Perfection grown
 In both their Hearts, such Scars are seldom known.
 Gentle Advice, whereby one may reclaim
 A Friend from Error, doth not wrong the Name,
 Or make a Breach in Friendship: None may be
 Rightly esteem'd a Friend, that if he see

His

His Neighbour lose his Way, will not direct
 Unto a better; or that will reject
 Good Exhortation, fancying Reproof
 A greater Crime than he is guilty of.
 Self-hood is often blind; therefore a Friend
 Is not prohibited to reprehend,
 So he proclaim not Faults. But they that would
 Sin uncontroul'd, and hug their Errors, should
 Never contract a Friendship, lest thereby
 That sacred Name be stain'd with Infamy.
 Is any wise, that when Distempers do
 Begin to seize, would not desire to know?
 Diseases known, are sooner cur'd; but they
 That would indulge and hide them, that they may
 Thereby increase, do frequently expose
 Themselves, as a Derision to their Foes.
 True cordial Friends, without Offence, can bear
 Kind Admonition, though it be severe
 The faithful Wounds of Friends are like Incision,
 Made by the skilful Hand of some Physician,
 To let out noxious Humours, that invade
 The afflicted Part, and stubbornly impede
 The hoped Cure; which afterwards with Speed
 Doth, by some suppling Ointment, well succeed.

Thus, by this needful Freedom, *Friendship* shines
 With greater Lustre; but its Light declines,
 Where this is limited. Who can but grieve
 To be so over-power'd, not to relieve
 A Friend afflicted; that may not apply
 A precious Balm to heal his Malady?
 But there's rejoicing, when with equal Mind
 Exchanging Thoughts, they may in any kind
 Express their Sentiments, and signify
 Reproof or Approbation faithfully.

Thus still persisting in the sweet Increase
Of Love unfeign'd, and firm abiding Peace :
Here innocent Delight more freely springs,
Than may be found in Courts of mighty Kings.
But as true Virtue's rarely to be found,
So Friendship grows not up in every Ground :
He that would choose a Friend should prove and
Before the Knot be knit, none should untie, (try ;
While either Friend remains ; for Friendship must
(Though one be separated unto Dust)
If poor *Mephibosheth* survive, extend
To the Posterity and Name of Friend ;
Else that's imperfect, which should rather be
A little Ray of Immortality.
Hast thou a Friend, whose Ingenuity,
Well guarded with a right Simplicity,
Can both esteem what thou'lt communicate,
And of his own richly retaliate
The hidden Treasures of a knowing Breast,
Whose cordial Love (too great to be express'd
By feigned Speeches) freely can reveal
His Secrets in thy Ear, but thine conceal
Close from all others, whose Fidelity
Will ne'er desert thee in Adversity,
Altho' the World frown on thee, but remain
In Offices of Love, the very same,
Or more endear'd, than in Prosperity ?
If likewise thou retain Integrity ;
Or if thou'rt overtaken by Surprise,
And hast transgress'd, can deeply sympathize,
(If thou forsake thine Error, and accept
Of Counsel, that Advice may take Effect)
And, as in secret, mourning over thee,
Can with Love's Garment wisely cover thee,

From

From th' Eyes of others ; yet if Scandals should
 (When rais'd by others in his Ear be told,
 Will still thy true Intelligencer be ;
 Yet boldly guard thy Name, and plead for thee,
 When thou art absent : Know that he expects
 Friendship should have in thee the same Effects ;
 Yet hates Upbraiding, or a slanderous Tongue :
 What can to Friendship be a greater Wrong ?
 But those that flatter thee in prosperous Times,
 And subtilly indulge thy darling Crimes ;
 Will not endure a blust'ring Storm, but flee,
 And, with thy Riches, haste away from thee.
 This is a Friend indeed, that cannot be
 Brib'd with thy Wealth, or lost in Misery :
 O grant him in thy Heart a worthy Place ;
 And see, as in a Glass, Face answers Face,
 Thou answer him ; yea, prize him more than Gold
 Of *Ophir* ; for his Worth cannot be told.
 'Tis but the wise and honest Heart, from whence
 Deceit's exil'd, that's Friendship's Residence.

A Letter to a Friend.

Sometimes this Query riseth in my Mind,
 Can Friends be to each other so unkind,
 Thus to perplex, and yet not shew the Cause
 Why Friendship should admit so long a Pause?
 Hath Grandeur stupify'd thy fertile Quill,
 Or Mammon metamorphos'd thus thy Will?
 So condescending formerly, and kind,
 As if to Love and Friendship most inclin'd.
 Methinks Abundance of such outward Store
 Should ne'er abridge our Time, but gain us more.
 Not that Wealth can add Number to our Days;
 But Time (wherein the Indigent may raise
 Some Stipend, to procure their daily Food)
 Might be improv'd, as for a mutual Good,
 By such as have obtain'd a full Supply;
 Or else wherein doth the Advantage lie
 Betwixt the Rich and Poor? Heaven still extends
 Bread, to sustain each to their latter Ends.
 Then should not those, that greater Mercy share,
 Some Time for Friendship's Privileges spare?
 But should my Grief by Words be thus express'd,
 I'll cease to write, and only sigh the rest;
 For since my Letters may not answer'd be,
 I may conclude, that all is Vanity.

Another

Another Letter to a Friend.

MY hasty Pen about to write unkind,
 (When interrupted by my zealous Mind)
 Again admits of dear Marciana; tho'
 Thy tedious Silence gives Affront unto
 True cordial Friendship, which in ev'ry State
 Sweetly delighteth to communicate
 Pure Streams of Love, as Opportunity
 Permits, to manifest its Sympathy:
 Which, seeming now to cease, gives Cause of Doubt,
 Some new Concern hath jostled Friendship out
 From that fair Bosom; where, if yet it dwell,
 'Twill by its influencing Power dispel
 Whate'er would stop its Current: For we see
 That standing Pools oft-times corrupted be,
 When smaller Brooks, whose Streams do gently
 Along their Banks, are purg'd and purify'd. (glide
 Alas, that Love that burns with Fervency,
 Is frequently perplext with Jealousy!
 Then why so silent? Why so strangely mute?
 Must I indeed not only find my Suit
 Ungranted, but disdain'd? And must I be
 Therefore unanswer'd, for a Penalty
 To be impos'd, as for a heinous Crime?
 Tho' I forgot once a Request of thine,
 I did not wholly throw aside my Pen;
 But, as full fraught with other Matter, when

In hopes of sending, though I did omit
 To answer each Punctilio, yet I writ,
 (Grateful or not :) For my officious Quill,
 As formerly engag'd, is ready still
 To write to thee. —

Ah! Canst thou think what Doubtings do attend,
 Whether sad Sickness, or some rival Friend
 May now so long restrain thy careless Pen,
 As if it would not deign to write again?
 O must that Friendship in Oblivion lie
 That seems immortal? Then send Reasons why:
 How should I else resent this Injury?

Upon parting with a Friend.

I.

AND can the Effects of cordial Friendship be
So apt to raise a Tumult in the Mind?
Or so injurious to my Friend and me,
To make us to each other seem unkind?
'Twere then but weak; nay, Weakness surely must
Be challeng'd ours: Friendship is always just.

II.

May we not innocently then rejoice
In the Society of Bosom-Friends?
Yea; yet we cannot always have our Choice,
Since Things below unto Mutation tends.
True Friends must part of meer Necessity;
Best Titles here are but Uncertainty.

III.

Yet might the Ocean cease to ebb and flow,
E're I should once ungratefully deny
Those Obligations deep, whereby I owe
Much more to thee, than my poor Company
Could e'er retaliate in many Days;
But I might suffer Losses other Ways.

IV.

Whilst she, obliging she, might never want,
What was so much desir'd, *Society*;
There's many too ambitiously would grant
That which themselves would so much gratify.
Why should she then strive for a Thing so mean,
And scarcely worth the Labour to obtain?

Then

V.

Then why should too too furious fiery Zeal,
 Usurp a Place in such a noble Heart,
 Where only Love should evermore prevail.
 (As knowing best to act true Friendship's Part)
 Which thinks no Evil, but doth tenderly
 Heal, or conceal and hide Infirmary?

VI.

They that are unengag'd in Wedlock, seem
 T' enjoy a Privilege of Liberty,
 To act spontaneously, and may redeem
 Time, to enjoy a Friend; yet frequently
 Such can plead urgent Business to withdraw,
 And think it is no Breach of Friendship's Law.

VII.

When such as are by nuptial Tye confin'd,
 Should not be censur'd in Sarcastick Strains,
 Left some seem cruel, when they would be kind,
 And so change mutual Pleasures into Pains:
 Therefore let Heats and Animosities,
 On Friendship's Score, no more among us rise.

A Letter of Invitation to a Friend.

IF to the Country I my Friend invite,
'Tis but to do languishing Friendship right:
What to a Friend can be a greater Wrong,
Than that the Second's absent over-long?
Now, tho' our Cottage be but mean for thee,
Make it more pleasant by thy Company.
For tho' we think, we have an Interest,
Firmly secured in each other's Breast;
Yet if it cease to circulate and flow,
'Twill sooner stagnate, than increase and grow.
Ne'er let it be like that adored Gold,
Possess'd by wretched Misers (that of old
Conceal'd and hid it) useless, lest we seem
Quite to reject, and lose that just Esteem,
Due to the Root, from which *true Friendship* springs,
Which to the Heart, immortal Solace brings.
Indeed in high-flown Panegyrick Verse,
My Pen is not accustom'd to rehearse
Praises incredible, nor to commend,
In deep Hyperboles, a worthy Friend;
Yet she that treasures Virtue in her Breast,
Shines in those Robes, wherewith it doth invest
The truly noble Soul, whereby each Eye
Something of innate Lustre may espy.
Then may such well assert, like *Sheba's* Queen,
When she great *Judub's* King and Court had seen,
One

*One Half had not been told : So may it be
Affirm'd by many that have heard of thee :
Why then should this mean Pen pretend to tell
Half of those Virtues that in thee excel ?*

A Meditation.

I.

WHY should the pure immortal Mind,
That cannot circumscribed be
Within the Bounds of Flesh and Blood,
Seem to fallacious Toys inclin'd ;
Neglective of the chiefest Good,
And only true Felicity,
The never-fading Joys of vast Eternity.

II.

Were wretched Infants naked hurl'd
Upon the Banks of sullen Cares,
To beg the Favours of the World,
And only be involv'd in Snares,
And suckled at the Breasts of Misery ;
Unless in all Things they comply
With Earth's imperious Nods, and sordid

III.

(Tyranny ?

No, no ; that all-discerning Eye,
That with a strict observant Look
Surveys the Corners of the Universe,
And Tokens of his Power disperse
Therein, who now and ever took
Care of the Helpless, cannot pass them by,
Since the young Raven's Wants he doth supply.
But

IV.

But an instructive Lesson's learned hence,
That helpless Man might look unto
The all-preserving Hand of Providence,
From whom alone all Blessings flow ;
To whom alone our humble Eye
Should always in Sincerity
Be lifted up, for he'll regard our earnest Cry.

V.

Though Infants many Days, do more
Regard the Pap than her that gives it,
They learn in Time both to implore
Help, and t'acknowledge who relieves it ;
And, though they do not want the Breast,
Would with their tender Mother's Bosom
(ever rest.

VI.

Thus is not both our Heart and Mind
Taught, with Magnetick Influence
Of sacred Love and Sympathy,
That we thereby might be inclin'd
To soar above the Sphere of Sense,
Of perishing Mortality ;
Yea, with unwearied Fervency,
Seek the sublimer Joys of bright Eternity ?

Another Meditation.

Oh ! If my Mind
Should be inclin'd,
This would increase my Fear :
Lord, from above,
Thou God of Love,
Reveal thy Counsel near ;
That I may know,
That I may do
Thy ever-blessed Will :
Ah, thine alone,
And not mine own,
Great King ! Do thou fulfil.

Dat veniam Corvis, vexat censura Columbis.

WHAT a Succession of Delusion's here,
 Whilst righteous Reason is déthron'd!
 Shall Darkness thus cover our Hemisphere?
 Ah! Must no other Law be own'd,

But a depraved Will, that still inclines
 To choose the worst, and leave the best;
 Disdaining to observe the Sun, that shines
 Within the Conclave of the Breast!

Why, both in former and more modern Days,
 Should Virtue, as an heinous Crime
 Be prosecuted! Left its conquering Rays,
 Through the whole Universe should shine,

And thence dispel the horrid Shades of Night,
 That does surround poor Mortals, so
 That till this, rising, undeceive the Sight,
 They wound their Friend, and spare their Foe:

Striking at pure unspotted Innocence,
 Condemning true Sincerity,
 As Malefactors, guilty of Offence;
 Whilst *Barabbas* hath Liberty

Granted

Granted by common Suffrage : Birds of Prey
And Rapine, may uncensur'd tear
The harmless Doves ; and who dare that gainsay ?
But unto these, (Oh) how severe !

Yet have some few been rais'd in ev'ry Age,
Led by a Spark of Light and Love
Divine, which, as in secret, did engage
To plead a little for the Dove ;

At least, to manifest their Discontent,
As none of the Confed'racy ;
That they might either limit or prevent
The Progress of such Tyranny ;

And, like the wise *Gamaliel*, intercede
With sober Caution, to beware,
Lest some thereby the Prince of Heav'n invade,
And cast themselves into a Snare ;

Yea, launch thereby into the sad Abyss
Of endless Woe and Misery ;
Except reclaim'd by such Advice as this,
They learn to shew more Clemency.

*A Letter to Cousin F. R.**[Written after her Marriage.]*

DEAR Cousin, thine is safely come to Hand,
Whereby I may thy Welfare understand ;
Which is right pleasant welcome News to me ;
As the like Notice here of mine to thee :
For mutual Love, where it abides doth joy
In Friends, as in their own, Felicity.
O may it ever have Preheminence !
Then shall we not be apt to take Offence,
Nor wilfully offend ; but in each Breast,
Where it prevails, believe and hope the best :
This still indulgeth Amity and Peace,
But causeth Animosities to cease ;
Distance of Miles can never quench the same,
It lives a warming, not consuming Flame :
In which I re-salute thee, and remain
Thy constant Friend, not changed but in Name.

Another Letter to Cousin F. R.

NO doubt e'er this, rejoicing *Friends* are come,
 Congratulating thy Arrival Home ;
 And with the kindest Welcome, signify
 Their Expectation to renew the Joy
 They'd formerly in thy Society. }
 Be sure, a watchful Heart may never be
 Lost (though engag'd) in Multiplicity ;
 But eyes the Rock, which, when in rowling Waves,
 Is safe to anchor on, and firmly saves,
 As in a Cliff, or secret hiding Place,
 Free from the Dangers of tempestuous Seas ;
 Wherein, as any doth securely stand,
 Such cannot be unmindful of a Friend
 That doth in such like Habitation dwell,
 But can delight by Tongue or Pen to tell
 Their Exercises, with Endearments free ;
 Love circulating thus in Sympathy.
 But scarce had these my Musings finished,
 With many more quite lost and scattered,
 For want of Penning, when thy Letter came,
 And prov'd my Hopes deferr'd were not in vain ;
 Therefore in curtail Lines herewith I send
 My Sentiments thereof to thee, my Friend.

A third

A third Letter to Cousin F. R.

CAN I be silent, though I seem t' intrude
C'Mongst such a throng'd *important* Multitude?
Can I forget that Heart, that seem'd to me,
Firmly engag'd in mutual Sympathy,
And Bonds of sacred Friendship, which were then
Suppos'd immortal? Can my sluggish Pen
Forget its useful Office, though it want
That influencing fair Encouragement,
Which once was wont so freely to distil
In copious Lines, from thy more pregnant Quill?
Nay, nor although I own Realities,
May I in curled Strains hyperbolize,
That innate Virtue, which in thee doth lie,
Needs no such varnishing, vain Sophistry:
This nought avails, but, like Adventures, toss'd
On boistrous Seas, may well be reck'ned lost,
If no Return be made: Yet may there be
A better Traffick 'twixt my Friend and me,
If she'll but deign to step from out the Crowd
Of those Incumbrances, which so be-cloud
And intercept that Converse, which should be
Not too too long confin'd in such as thee;
Who, by Example and good Converse, may
Lead on Associates in an happy Way.
Should then this fading World again e'er find
So great a Place in that heroick Mind,
Which heretofore so prudently deny'd
Its Grandeur, Pomp, and all its swelling Pride,

To treasure up a far more noble Prize,
Than can be well observ'd by common Eyes,
Which dote on Toys, and can admire the Blaze
Of transitory Honours, but soon daze
At the Appearance of that glorious Light,
Which to th' immortal Soul gives perfect Sight
And Prospect of the new *Jerusalem*,
Where the Redeemed wear the Diadem
Of endless Glory, and rejoice to sing
Melodious Songs of Praise to *Sion's King*?
Should then this World's inferior Trifles be
Of such Regard, as to prevail with thee
To look aside? Ah! nay; for thou hast learn'd
To pass by all her Triumphs unconcern'd.
Now therefore, persevere, my worthy Friend,
In that where Friendship never knoweth End.

M. M.

UPON

U P O N
S I L E N C E.

[Written by another Hand.]

I.

WHAT Mute so soft, or who is fit to sing
Thy Praise, thou mighty passive Thing?
Who can define thy Genealogy,
Thou Product of the Deity?
For before any Thing, thou hadst thy Place
Extended through the wide and empty Space.

II.

Th' Inhabitants above, in that bright Sphere,
Acknowledge thee a Being there,
When they their Hymns and Hallelujahs sing
To their high and heavenly King,
In a most reverend Frame, make use of thee
To magnify the great Solemnity.

III.

When *Horeb's* Mount was topt with Fire & Smoke
And with a dreadful Trembling shook;
To add unto its Horror and its Wonder,
The Rocks and Mountains split afunder:
Yet ne'ertheless, JEHOVAH was not there,
But in the silent Voice he did appear.

Though

IV.

Though Voice and Speech alone to Man was given,
 To worship him, whose Throne is Heaven;
 Yet in an awful reverend Silence, he
 Admits of a Discovery;
 For to his Ears, Words utter'd without Noise,
 Are louder languag'd than a vocal Voice.

V.

What Praise is due to thee, thou calm Abode,
 Thou Rest of Souls, that worship God
 In thy Recess; the Spirit doth convey
 To Man the Knowledge of the Way,
 That leads to where Desires terminate,
 Where more's enjoy'd than Mortals can relate.

VI.

Though some confess the Pleasure of thy Loves,
 Thy nightly Walks and silent Groves,
 Thy sweet Retirements, and thy pleasant Shades,
 Where neither Wind nor Storm invades;
 Where Pleasure's free, unmixt, and unconfin'd,
 Always attend upon a quiet Mind.

VII.

Yet very few there are, that really be
 Fully satisfy'd with thee:
 Therefore thine artless Altar neglected lies,
 For want of holy Votaries;
 Whilst Noise, thine Enemy, ascends the Chair,
 And Crowds her Praises echo through the Air.

W. A.

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